

THE
Souldiers Fortune.

A
COMEDY.

Acted by His

MAJESTIES

SERVANTS

AT THE

Theatre Royal.

Written by THOMAS OTWAY.

THE SECOND PART.

*Quam rectus deus est O Eudemon libellus,
Sed male cum rectis sociis esse tuus.*

L O N D O N

Printed for Richard Dorey, in Ruffet Street near
Covent-Garden, 1695.

See 1712:81

THE
DEDICATION.

Mr. Bentley.

I Have often (during this *Book* in the Press) been importun'd for a Preface; which you, I suppose, would have speak something in Vindication of the Comedy: Now to please you, Mr. Bentley, I will as briefly as I can speak my mind upon that occasion, which you may be pleas'd to accept of, both as a Dedication to your self, and next as a Preface to the Book.

And I am not a little proud, that it has happened into my thoughts to be the first who in these latter years has made an Epistle Dedictory to his Stationer: It is a Complement as reasonable as it is Just. For, Mr. Bentley, you pay honestly for the Copy; and an Epistle to you is a sort of an Acquittance, and may be probably welcome; when to a Person of higher Rank and Order, it looks like an Obligation for Praises, which he knows he does not deserve, and therefore is very unwilling to part with ready Money for.

As to the Vindication of this Comedy, between Friends and Acquaintance, I believe it is possible, that as much as may be said in it's behalf, as heretofore has been for a great many others. But of all the Apish qualities about me, I have not that of being fond of my own Issue; nay, I must confess my self a very unnatural Parent, for when it is once brought into the World, E'en let the Brat shift for it self, I say.

The Objections made against the merit of this poor Play, I must confess, are very grievous.

First, says a Lady that shall be nameless, because the world may think civilly of her; Foh! oh Sherreu, 'tis so filthy, so bawdy, no modest Woman ought to be seen at it; Let me dye, it has made me sick: When the World lies, Mr. Bentley, if that very Lady has not easily digested a much ranker Morsel in a little Ale-house towards Paddington, and never made a Face at it: But your true Jilt is a Creature that can extract Bawdy out of the chastest sense, as easily as a Spider can Poison out of a Rose: They know true Bawdy, let it be never so much conceal'd, as perfectly as Falstaff did the true Prince by instinct. They will separate the true Metal from the Alloy let us temper it as well as we can; some Women are the Touch-stones of filthiness. Though I have heard a Lady (that has more modesty than any of those she Criticks, and I am sure more wit)

The DEDICATION.

wit) say, She wonder'd at the impudence of any of her Sex, that would pretend to understand the thing call'd Bawdy. So, Mr. Bentley, for ought I perceive, my Play may be innocent yet, and the Lady mistaken in pretending to the knowledge of a Mystery above her; though, to speak honestly, she has had besides her Wit a liberal Education; and if we may credit the World has not buried her Talent neither.

This is, Mr. Bentley, all I can say in behalf of my Play: Wherefore I throw it into Your Arms, make the best of it you can; praise it to your Customers; Sell ten thousand of them if possible, and then you will compleat the wishes of

Your Friend and Servant,

THO. OTWAY,

Dramatis Personæ.

Capt. Beaugard
Courtine

Sir Davy Duncce

Sir Jolly Fumble

Fourbin, A Servant to
Beaugard

Bloody-Bones.

Vermir A Servant to Sir
Davy

Lady Duncce

Sylvia

Maid.

Mr. Betterton.

Mr. Smith.

Mr. Nokes.

Mr. Leigh.

} Mr. Jevon.

Mr. Richards.

} A Boy.

Mrs. Barry.

Mrs. Price.

A Constable, and Watch.

SCENE, London.

THE Souldiers Fortune.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Beaugard, Courtine, and Fourbin.

A Pox o' Fortune! Thou art always teizing me about Fortune: Thou risest in a Morning with ill luck in thy Mouth; Nay, never eatest a Dinner, but thou sighest two hours after it, with thinking where to get the next. Fortune be damn'd, since the World's so wide.

Cour. As wide as it is, 'tis so throng'd and cramm'd with Knaves and Fools, that an honest man can hardly get a living in it.

Beau. Do, rail, *Courtine*, do, it may get thee Employment.

Cour. At you I ought to rail; 'twas your fault we left our Employments abroad to come home, and be Loyal, and now we as Loyally starve for it.

Beau. Did not thy Ancestors do it before thee, man? I tell thee, Loyalty and Starving are all one: The Old Cavaliers got such a trick of it in the Kings Exile, that their Posterity could never thrive since.

Cour. 'Tis a fine Equipage I am like to be reduc'd to; I shall be e're long as greasy as an *Alsatia* Bully; this a flogging Hat, pinn'd up on one side, with a sandy weather-beaten Perruque, dirty Linnen, and to compleat the Figure, a long scandalous Iron Sword jarring at my heels; like a —

Beau. Snarling thou meanest like it's Master.

Cour. My Companion's the worthy Knight of the most Noble Order of the Post: your Peripatetick Philosophers of the Temple-walks, Rogues in Rags, and yet not honest: Villains that undervalue Damnation, still forswear themselves for a Dinner, and hang their Fathers for half a Crown.

Beau. I am aham'd to hear a Souldier talk of starving.

Cour. Why, what shall I do? I can't steal! —

Beau. Though thou canst not steal, thou hast other vices enough for any Industrious young fellow to live comfortably upon.

Cour. What, wouldst thou have me turn Rascal, and run cheating up

and down the Town for a livelihood? I would no more keep a Block-head company, and endure his Nauseous non-sense in hopes to get him, than I would be a drudge to an old Woman, with Rheumatick Eyes, hollow Teeth, and stinking-breath, for a pension: Of all Rogues I would not be a Foolmonger.

Beau. How well this niceness becomes thee! I'd fain see thee ee'n turn Parson in a pet, o' purpose to rail at all those vices which I know thou naturally art fond of: why surely an Old Ladies pension need not to be so despicable in the Eyes of a disbanded Officer, as times go, Friend.

Cour. I am glad, *Beaugard*, you think so.

Beau. Why thou shalt think so too man; be rul'd by me, and I'll bring thee into good company, Families, *Courtine*, Families, and such Families, where formality's a scandal, and pleasure is the bus'ness, where the Women are all Wanton, and the Men are all Witty, you Rogue.

Cour. What some of your Worships Wapping acquaintance that you made last time you came over for recruits, and Spirited away your Landladies Daughter, a Volunteering with you into *France*.

Beau. I'll bring thee, *Courtine*, where Cuckoldom's in credit, and lewdness laudable, where thou shalt wallow in pleasures and preferments, revel all day, and every night lye in the Arms of melting beauty, sweet as Roses, and as Springs refreshing.

Cour. Prithee don't talk thus; I had rather thou would'st tell me where new Levies are to be rais'd; a Pox of Whores when a man has not Money to make 'em Comfortable.

Beau. That shall shower upon us in abundance, and for instance, know to thy everlasting amazement, all this dropt out of the Clouds to day.

Cour. Hah! Gold by this light! —————

Fourb. Out of the Clouds! —————

Beau. Ay, Gold! does it not smell of the sweet hand that sent it? smell ———— smell you Dog ————

[To *Fourbin*.

Fourbin smells to the handful of gold, and gathers up some pieces in his Mouth.

Fourb. Truly, Sir, of Heavenly sweetness: and very refreshing.

Cour. Dear, *Beaugard*, if thou hast any good Nature in thee; if thou would'st not have me hang my self before my time, tell me where the Devil haunts that helpt thee to this, that I may go make a bargain with him presently: Speak, speak, or I am a lost Man.

Beau. Why thou must know this Devil which I have given my Soul to already, and must I suppose have my body very speedily, lives I know not where, and may for ought I know be a real Devil, but if it be, 'tis the best natur'd Devil under *Beelzebubs* dominion, that I'll swear to.

Cour. But how came the Gold, then?

Beau. To deal freely with my friend, I am lately happen'd into the acquaintance of a very Reverend Pimp, as fine a discreet, sober, gray-bearded old Gentleman as one would wish; as good a natur'd publick Spirited Person as the Nation holds; one that is never so happy as when he is bringing good people together, and promoting civil understanding
between

betwixt the Sexes: Nay, rather than want emplyoment, he will go from one end of the Town to t'other to procure my Lords little Dog to be civil to my Ladies little languishing Bitch.

Cour. A very worthy Member of the Common-Wealth!

Beau. This noble Person one day ——— but *Fourbin* can give you a more particular account of the matter. Sweet Sir, if you please tell us the story of the first encounter betwixt you and Sir *Jolly Fumble*; you must know that's his Title.

Fourb. Sir, it shall be done——walking one day upon the *Piazza* about three of the Clock i'th' After-noon, to get me a Stomach to my dinner, I chanc'd to encounter a Person of goodly presence, and worthy appearance, his Beard and Hair white, grave and comely, his countenance ruddy, plump, smooth and chearful; who perceiving me also equipt as I am with a Meen and Air which might well inform him I was a Person of no inconsiderable quality, came very respectfully up to me, and after the usual ceremonies between Persons of parts and breeding had past, very humbly enquired of me what it was a Clock—I presently understood by the question, that he was a man of parts and business, told him, I did presume it was at most but nicely turn'd of three.

Beau. Very Court-like, civil, quaint, and new, I think.

Fourb. The freedom of commerce increasing, after some little inconsiderable questions *pour passer le temps*, and so, he was pleased to offer me the courtesie of a glass of Wine: I told him I very seldom drank, but if he so pleas'd, I would do my self the honour to present him with a dish of meat at an eating House hard by, where I had an interest.

Cour. Very well: I think this Squire of thine, *Beaugard*, is as accomplished a Person as any of the emplyoment I ever saw.

Beau. Let the Rogue go on.

Fourb. In short we agree'd and went together: As soon as we entred the Room, I am your most humble Servant, Sir, says he——I am the meanest of your Vassals, Sir, said I——I am very happy in lighting into the acquaintance of so worthy a Gentleman as you appear to be. Sir, said he again——Worthy, Sir *Jolly*, then came I upon him again on t'other side (for you must know by that time I had groapt out his Title) I kiss your hands from the Bottom of my heart, which I shall be always ready to lay at your Feet.

Cour. Well, *Fourbin*, and what reply'd the Knight then?

Fourb. Nothing, he had nothing to say; his sense was transported with admiration of my parts; so we sat down, and after some pause, he desired to know by what title he was to distinguish the person that had so highly honoured him.

Beau. That is as much as to say, Sir, whose Rascal you were.

Fourb. Sir, you may make as bold with your poor Slave as you please——I told him those that knew me well were pleased to call me the Chevalier *Fourbin*, that I was a Cadet of that Ancient Family of the *Fourbinois*; and that I had had the honour of serving the great Monarch of France in his Wars in Flanders, where I contracted great Familiarity,

and Intimacy with a gallant Officer of the *English* Troops in that service, one Captain *Beaugard*.

Beau. Oh, Sir, you did me too much honour. What a true bred Rogue's this! —

Cour. Well, but the Mony, *Fourbin*, the Mony.

Four. *Beaugard*, hum *Beaugard*, says he! — ay it must be so, — a black man, is he not? — ay, says I, blackish — a dark brown — full Fac't — yes — a sly subtle observing eye? — the same — a strong built well made man? — right — a devilish fellow for a Wench, a devilish fellow for a wench, I warrant him; a thundring Rogue upon occasion, *Beaugard*! a thundring fellow for a Wench, I must be acquainted with him.

Cour. But to the mony, the mony, man, that's the thing I would be acquainted withal.

Beau. This civil Gentleman of the Chevaliers acquaintance comes yesterday morning to my Lodging, and seeing my Picture in Miniature upon the Toylet, told me with the greatest extasie in the World, that was the thing he came to me about: He told me there was a Lady of his acquaintance had some favourable thoughts of me, and I gad, says he, she's a Hummer, such a *bona Roba* ah-h-h. So without more ado begs me to lend it him till dinner (for we concluded to eat together) so away he scuttled with as great joy as if he had found the Philosophers stone.

Cour. Very well.

Beau. At *Lockets* we met again: where after a thousand grimaces, to shew how much he was pleas'd, instead of my Picture, presents me with the contents aforesaid; and told me the Lady desired me to accept of 'em for the Picture, which she was much transported withal, as well as with the Original:

Cour. Hah! —

Beau. Now, whereabouts this taking quality lies in me, the Devil take me *Ned* if I know: But the Fates *Ned*, the Fates!

Cour. A Curse on the Fates! Of all Strumpets Fortune's the basest, 'twas Fortune made me a Souldier, a Rogue in Red, the grievance of the Nation; Fortune made the peace just when we were upon the brink of a War; then Fortune disbanded us, and lost us two Months pay: Fortune gave us Debentures instead of ready Mony, and by very good Fortune I sold mine, and lost heartily by it, in hopes the grinding ill-natur'd Dog that bought it will never get a shilling for't. —

Beau. Leave off thy railing for shame, it looks like a Cur that barks for want of bones. Come Times may mend, and an honest Souldier be in fashion again —

Cour. These greasie, fat, unweildy wheeting Rogues that live at home, and brood over their bags, when a fit of fear's upon 'em, then if one of us pass but by, all the Family is ready at the door to cry, Heavens bless you, Sir, the Laird go along with you.

Beau. Ah good men, what pity 'tis such proper Gentlemen should ever be out of Employment.

Cour. But when the bus'ness is over, then every Parish Bawd that
geos.

goes but to a Conventicle twice a Week, and pays but scot and lot to the Parish, shall roar out, fough, ye Lowfy Red-coat rake-hells! hout ye Caterpillars, ye Locusts of the Nation; you are the Dogs that would enslave us all, plunder our Shops, and ravish our Daughters, ye Scoundrels.

Beau. I must confess ravishing ought to be regulated, it would destroy commerce, and many a good Sober Matron about this Town might lose the selling of her Daughters Maiden-head, which were a great grievance to the People, and a particular Branch of Property lost, *Fourbin.*

Four. Your Worships pleasure.

Beau. Run like a Rogue as you are, and try to find Sir Jolly, and desire him to meet me at the Blew Posts in the Hay-market about 12, we'll Dine together; I must inquire farther into yesterdays adventure; in the mean time, *Ned*, here's half the Prize to be doing withal; old friends must preserve Correspondence; we have shar'd good Fortune together, and bad shall never part us.

Cour. Well, thou wilt certainly die in a Ditch for this; hast thou no more grace than to be a true Friend, nay to part with thy mony to thy Friend? I grant you, a Gentleman may swear and lye for his Friend, pimp for his Friend, hang for his Friend, and so forth; but to part, with ready mony is the devil.

Beau. Stand aside, either I am mistaken, or yonder's Sir Jolly coming: Now *Courtine*, will I shew thee the Flower of Knighthood: Ah, Sir Jolly!

Enter Sir Jolly.

Sir Jol. My Hero! my Darling! my Ganimede! how dost thou? Strong! wanton! lusty! rampant! hah, ah, ah! She's thine Boy, odd she's thine, plump, soft, smooth, wanton! hah, ah, ah! Ah, Rogue, ah Rogue! here's shoulders, here's shape! there's a Foot and Leg, here's a Leg, here's a Leg—*Qua-a-a-a-a.*

[Squeaks like a Cat, and tickles Beaugard's Legs.]

Cour. What an old Goat's this!

Sir Jol. Child, Child, Child, who's that? A friend of thine? a friend o' thine? A pretty fellow, odd a very pretty fellow, and a strong Dog I'll warrant him. How dost do dear heart? prithee let me kiss thee, I'll swear and vow I will kiss thee, ha, ha, he, he, he, he, a Toad, a Toad, oh Toa-a-a-ad—

Cour. Sir I am your humble Servant.

Beau. But the Lady, Sir Jolly, the Lady, how does the Lady, what says the Lady, Sir Jolly?

Sir Jol. What says the Lady! why she says—she says—odd she has a delicate Lip, such a Lip, so read, so hard, so plump, so blub; I fancy I am eating Cherries every time I think on't—and for her Neck, and Breasts, and her—odds life; I'll say no more, not a word more, but I know—

Beau. I am sorry for that with all my Heart; do you know, say you,

you, Sir, and would you put off your mumbled orts, your offal upon me—

Sir Jol. Hush, hush, hush! have a care, as I live and breath, not I, alack and well a day, I am a poor old fellow, decay'd and done: All's gone with me, Gentlemen, but my good Nature; odd I love to know how matters go, though, now and then, to see a pretty Wench and a young Fellow Towze and Rowze and Frouze and Mowze; odd I love a young fellow dearly, faith dearly——

Cour. This is the most extraordinary Rogue, I ever met withall.

Beau. But Sir Jolly, in the first place, you must know, I have sworn never to marry.

Sir Jol. I would not have thee man. I am a Batchelour my self, and been a Whore-Master all my life, besides she's married already man, her Husband's, an old greasie, untoward, ill-natur'd, slovenly, Tobacco-taking Cuckold; but plaguy Jealous.

Beau. Already a Cuckold, Sir Jolly!

Sir Jol. No, that shall be; my Boy, thou shalt make him one, and I'll pimp for thee dear heart; and shan't I hold the door, shan't I peep? hah, shan't I, you devil, you little dog, shan't I?——

Beau. What is it, I'd not grant to oblige my Patron?

Sir Jol. And then dost thou hear, I have a lodging for thee in my own house; dost hear old Soul, in my own house; She lives the very next door man, there's but a Wall to part her Chamber and thine; and then for a peep-hole, odds fish I have a peep-hole for thee; 'sbud I'll shew thee, I'll shew thee——

Beau. But when, Sir Jolly? I am in haste, impatient.

Sir Jol. Why this very night man; poor Rogue's in haste, poor Rogue; but hear you——

Cour. The matter?

Sir Jol. Shan't we dine together?

Beau. With all my heart.

Sir Jol. The Maw begins to empty, get you before, and bespeak Dinner at the Blew Posts; while I stay behind and gather up a dish of Whores for a desert.

Cour. Be sure that they be lew'd, drunken, stripping Whores Sir Jolly, that won't be affectedly squeamish and troublesome.

Sir Jol. I warrant you.

Cour. I love a well disciplin'd Whore, that shews all the tricks of her profession with a wink, like an old Souldier that understands all his Exercise by beat of Drum.

Sir Jol. A Thief, sayest thou so! I must be better acquainted with that fellow; he has a notable Nose; a hard brawny Carle—— true and trusty, and mettle I'll warrant him.

Beau. Well, Sir Jolly, you'll not fail us?

Sir Jol. Fail ye! am I a Knight? hark ye boys: I'll muster this evening, such a Regiment of Rampant, Roaring, Roysterous Whores, that shall make more noise than if all the Cats in the Hay-Market were in conjunction: Whores ye Rogues, that shall swear with you, drink

The Souldiers Fortune.

7

drink with you, talk Bawdy with you, fight with you, scratch with you, lye with you, and go to the Devil with you. Shan't we be very merry, hah! —

Cour. As merry as Wine, Women and Wickedness can make us.

Sir Jol. Odd that's well said again, very well said, as merry as Wine, Women and Wickedness can make us: I love a fellow that is very wicked dearly; methinks there's a Spirit in him, there's a sort of a tantara rara, tantara rara, ah, ah-h-h, well, and won't ye, when the Women come, won't ye, and shall I not see a little sport amongst you? well get ye gone; ah Rogues, ah Rogues, da, da, I'll be with you, da, da —

[*Exeunt Beaugard and Courtine.*]

Enter several Whores, and three Bullies.

1 *Bul.* In the name of Satan what Whores are those in their Copper trim, yonder?

1 *Whor.* Well I'll swear, Madam, 'tis the finest Evening: I love the Mall, mightily.

2 *Bul.* Let's huzza the Bulkers.

2 *Whor.* Really, and so do I; because there's always good company, and one meets with such Civilities from every body.

3 *Bul.* Damn'd Whores, hout ye filthies.

3 *Whor.* Ay, and then I love extreemly to shew my self here, when I am very fine, to vex those poor Devils that call themselves Vertues, and are very scandalous and Crapish, I'll swear; O crimine, who's yonder! *Sir Jolly Jumble*, I vow.

1 *Bul.* Fogh! Let's leave the nasty Sows to Fools, and Diseases.

1 *Whor.* Oh *Papa*, *Papa*! where have you been this two days, *Papa*?

2 *Whor.* You are a precions *Father* indeed, to take no more care of your *Children*: We might be dead for all you, you naughty *Dady*, you.

Sir Jol. Dead, my poor Fubses! odd I had rather all the Relations I have were dead, a dad I had: Get you gone you little Devils Bubbies; oh Law there's Bubbies! odd I'll bite 'em, odd I will.

1 *Whor.* Nay, fye, *Papa*; I swear you'll make me angry, except you carry us, and treat us to Night; you have promis'd me a Treat this Week, won't you *Papa*?

2 *Whor.* Ay, wont you, *Dad*?

Sir Jol. Odds so, odds so, well remember'd! get you gone, don't stay talking; get you gone, yonders a great Lord, the Lord *Beaugard*, and his Cousin the Baron, the Count, the Marquiss, the Lord knows what, Monsieur *Courtine* newly come to Town, odds so,

3 *Whor.* Oh Law, where *Dady*, where? Oh dear, a Lord.

1 *Whor.* Well you are the purest *Papa*; but when be dey mun, *Papa* —

Sir Jolly. I won't tell you, you Gipsies, so I wont, — except you tickle me. — 'sbud they are brave fellows, all Tall, and not a bit small; odd one of 'em has a devilish deal of Mony.

1 *Whor.*

The Souldiers Fortune.

1 *Whor.* Oh dear, but which is he, *Papa?*

2 *Whor.* Shan't I be in love with him, *Dady?*

Sir Jol. What no body tickle me! no body tickle me? not yet, tickle me a little *Mally*—tickle me a little *Jenny*—do, He he he he he he—
[*They tickle him.*]

No more, oh dear, oh dear! poor Rogues, so so, no more, nay, if you do, if you do, odd I'll I'll I'll—

3 *Who.* What will you do trow?

Sir Jol. Come along with me, come along with mith-me, sneak after me at a distance, that no body take notice, Swinging fellows *Mally*—Swinging fellows *Jenny*, a Devilish deal of Mony, get you afore me then you little Dippappers, ye Wafps, ye Wagtails, get you gon, I say swinging Fellows—

[*Exeunt Sir Jolly, with the Whores.*]

Enter Lady Dunc and Sylvia.

Lady D. Dye a Maid *Sylvia*: fie for shame! what a scandalous resolution's that? five thousand Pounds to your Portion; and leave it all to Hospitals, for the innocent recreation hereafter of leading Apes in Hell, fie for shame!

Sylvia. Indeed such another charming Animal as your Consort, *Sir David*, might do much with me; 'tis an unspeakable blessing to lye all night by a Horse-load of diseases; a beastly, unfavory, old, groaning, grunting, wheazing Wretch, that smells of the Grave he is going to already. From such a curse, and Hair-Cloth next my skin, good Heaven deliver me!

Lady D. Thou mistakest the use of a Husband, *Sylvia*: They are not meant for Bedfellows; heretofore indeed 'twas a fulsom fashion, to ly o' nights with a Husband, but the world's improv'd, and Customs altered.

Silv. Pray instruct then what the use of a Husband is.

Lady D. Instead of a Gentleman-Usher for Ceremonies fake to be in waiting on set days, and particular occasions; but the Friend Cozen, is the Jewel unvaluable.

Sylv. But, *Sir David*, Madam, will be difficult to be so Govern'd; I am mistaken if his Nature is not too jealous to be blinded.

Lady D. So much the better; of all, the jealous Fool is easiest to be deceiv'd: For observe, where there's jealousy there's always fondness; which if a Woman, as she ought to do, will make the right use of, the Husband's fears shall not so awake him on one side, as his dotage shall blind him on the other.

Sylv. Is your Piece of mortality such a doting Doddle, is he so very fond of you?

Lady D. No, but he has the vanity to think that I am very fond of him, and if he be jealous, 'tis not so much for fear I do abuse, as that in time I may, and therefore imposes this confinement on me, though

though he has other divertisements that take him off from my enjoyment which make him so loathsome no Woman but must hate him.

Sylv. His private divertisements I am a stranger to.

Lady D. Then for his Person 'tis incomparably odious; he has such a breath, one Kiss of him were enough to cure the Fits of the Mother, 'tis worse than *Assa-fetida*.

Sylv. Oh hideous?

Lady D. Every thing that's nasty he affects, clean Linnen he says is unwholsome; and to make him more charming, he's continually eating of Garlick and chewing Tobacco.

Sylv. Fogh! this is Love! this is the blessing of Matrimony.

Lady D. Rail not so unreasonably against Love, *Sylvia*: As I have dealt freely, and acknowledged to thee the Passion I have for *Beaugard*; so methinks, *Sylvia* need not conceal her good thoughts of her Friend. Do not I know *Courtine* sticks in your stomach?

Sylv. If he does, I'll assure you he shall never get to my heart. But can you have the Conscience to love another man now you are married? what do you think will become of you?

Lady D. I tell thee, *Sylvia*, I was never married to that Engine we have been talking of; my Parents indeed made me say something to him after a Priest once, but my heart went not along with my tongue, I minded not what it was; for my Thoughts, *Sylvia*, for these seven years have been much better employ'd ——— *Beaugard*! Ah curse on the day that first sent him into *France*?

Sylv. Why so, I beseech you?

Lady D. Had he stay'd here, I had not been sacrificed to the Arms of this monument of Man, for the bed of death could not be more cold, than his has been; he would have delivered me from the Monster, for even then I loved him, and was apt to think my kindness not neglected.

Sylv. I find indeed your Ladyship had good thoughts of him.

Lady D. Surely 'tis impossible to think too well of him, for he has wit enough to call his good nature in question, and yet good nature enough to make his wit suspected.

Sylv. But how do you hope ever to get sight of him? Sir *David*'s watchfulness is invincible. I dare swear he wou'd smell out a Rival if he were in the house, only by natural instinct, as some that always sweat when a Cat's in the Room. Then again, *Beaugard*'s a Souldier, and that's a thing the old Gentleman you know loves dearly.

Lady D. There lies the greatest comfort of my uneasy life; he is one of those Fools forsooth, that are led by the Nose by Knaves to rail against the King and the Government, and is mightily fond of being thought of a Party: I have had hopes this twelve-month to have heard of his being in the Gate-House for Treason.

Sylv. But I find only your self the Prisoner all this while.

Lady D. At present indeed I am so, but Fortune I hope will smile, wouldst thou but be my Friend, *Sylvia*.

Sylv. In any mischievous design with all my heart.

The Souldiers Fortune.

Lady D. The conclusion, Madam, may turn to your satisfaction, but you have no thoughts of *Courtine*?

Sylv. Not I, I'll assure you, Cozen.

Lady D. You don't think him well shap'd, streight and proportionable?

Sylv. Considering he eats but once a Week, the man is well enough.

Lady D. And then he wears his Cloaths, you know filthily, and like a horrid Sloven.

Sylv. Filthily enough of all Conscience, with a thread-bare Red-Coat, which his Taylor duns him for to this day, over which a great broad greasie Buff Belt, enough to turn any ones stomach but a disbanded Souldier; a Perruque ty'd up in a knot, to excuse its want of combing, and then because he has been a Man at Arms, he must wear two Tuffles of a beard forsooth, to lodge a dunghill of snuff upon, to keep his Nose in good humour.

Lady D. Nay, now I am sure that thou lovest him.

Sylv. So far from it, that I protest eternally against the whole Sex.

Lady D. That time will best demonstrate, in the mean while to our business.

Sylv. As how, Madam?

Lady D. To night must I see *Beaugard*, they are this minute at Dinner in the Hay-market; now to make my evil Genius, that haunts me every where, my thing call'd a Husband, himself to assist his poor Wife at a dead lift, I think would not be unpleasant.

Sylv. But 'twill be impossible.

Lady D. I am apt to be perswaded rather very easie, you know our good and friendly Neighbour, Sir *Folly*.

Sylv. Out on him beast, he's always talking filthily to a body, if he sits but at the table with one, he'll be making nasty figures in the Napkins.

Lady D. He and my sweet yoke-fellow are the most intimate friends in the world, so that partly out of neighbourly kindness, as well as the great delight he takes to be meddling in matters of this nature, with a great deal of pains and industry procured me *Beaugard's* Picture, and given him to understand how well a Friend of his in Petticoats, call'd my self, wishes him.

Sylv. But what's all this to the making the Husband instrumental, for I must confess of all creatures a Husband's the thing that's odious to me.

Lady D. That must be done this night: I'll instantly to my chamber, take my bed in a pet, and send for Sir *David*.

Sylv. But which way then must the Lover come?

Lady D. Nay, I'll betray *Beaugard* to him, shew him the Picture he sent me, and beg of him as he tenders his own honour, and my quiet, to take some course to secure me from the scandalous solicitations of that innocent Fellow.

Sylv. And so make him the property, the go-between, to bring the affair to an issue the more decently.

Lady D. Right, *Sylvia*, 'tis the best office a Husband can do a Wife; I mean an old Husband; bless us, to be yok'd in Wedlock with a paralitick coughing.

The Souldiers Fortune.

11

coughing decrepid Dotrel, to be a dry Nurse all ones life time to an old Child of sixty five, to lye by the Image of Death a whole night, a dull immoveable, that has no fence of life, but through it's pains; the Pidgeon's as happy that's laid to a sick mans feet, when the world has given him o-
for my part this shall henceforth be my Prayer,

*Curst be the memory, nay double curst,
Of her that wedded Age for Interest first;
Though worn with years, with fruitless wishes full,
'Tis all day troublesome, and all night dull.
Who wed with Fools indeed lead happy lives,
Fools are the fittest finest things for Wives;
Yet old men Profit bring, as Fools bring ease,
And both make Youth and Wit much better please.*

A C T II.

*Enter Sir Jolly, Beangard, Courtine, and
Fourbin.*

Court. **S**I R Jolly is the glory of the Age.

Sir Jol. Nay now Sir you honour me too far.

Beau. He's the delight of the young, and wonder of the old.

Sir Jol. I swear Gentlemen you make me blush.

Cour. He deserves a Statue in Gold, at the Charge of the Kingdom.

Sir Jol. Out upon't, fye for shame: I protest I'll leave your company if you talk so; but faith they were Whores, daintily dutiful Strumpets, ha! udds-bud, they'd——have stript for t'other Bottle.

Beau. Truly, Sir Jolly, you are a man of very extraordinary discipline, I never saw Whores under better command in my life.

Sir Jol. Pish, that's nothing man, nothing, I can send for forty better when I please, Doxies that will skip, strip, leap, trip, and do any thing in the world, any thing old Soul.

Cour. Dear, dear Sir Jolly, where and when?

Sir Jol. Odd as simple as I stand here, her Father was a Knight.

Beau. Indeed Sir Jolly, a Knight say you?

Sir Jol. Ay, but a little decay'd, I'll assure you she's a very good Gentlewoman born.

Cour. Ay, and a very good Gentlewoman bred too.

Sir Jol. Ay, and so she is.

Beau. But Sir Jolly, how goes my business forward, when shall I have a view of the quarry I am to fly at?

Sir Jol. Alas a day, not so hasty, soft and fair I beseech you. Ah my little Son of Thunder, if thou hadst her in thy arms now between a pair of Sheets, and I under the Bed to see fair play, Boy, Gemini! what wou'd become of me? What wou'd become of me? there wou'd be doings, oh Lawd, I under the Bed!

Beau. Or behind the Hangings, *Sir Jolly*, would not that do as well?

Sir Jol. Ah no, under the Bed against the world, and then it wou'd be very dark, hah!

Beau. Dark to chuse.

Sir Jol. No, but a little light would do well, a small Glimmering Lamp, just enough for me to steal a peep by; oh lamentable! oh lamentable, I won't speak a word more, there would be a trick! oh rare! you friend, oh rare! odds so, not a word more, odds so, yonder comes the Monster that must be the Cuckold Elect; step, step aside, and observe him if I shou'd be seen in your company, 'twou'd spoil all.

Beau. For my part I'll stand the meeting of him; one way to promote a good understanding with a Wife, is first to get acquainted with her Husband.

Enter Sir David.

Sir Da. Well of all blessings, a discreet Wife is the greatest that can light upon a man of years: had I been married to any thing but an Angel now, what a Beast had I been by this time; well, I am the happiest old Fool! 'tis an horrid Age that we live in, so that an honest man can keep nothing to himself; if you have a good estate, every covetous Rogue is longing for't (truly I love a good estate dearly my self,) if you have a handsome Wife, every smooth fac'd Coxcomb will be combing and cocking at her; flesh-flies are not so troublesome to the shambles, as those sort of Insects are to the Boxes in the Play-house: But vertue is a great blessing, an unvaluable treasure, to tell me her self that a Villain had tempted her, and give me the very Picture, the enchantment that he sent to bewitch her, it strikes me dumb with admiration; here's the Villain in Effigie. [*Pulls out the Picture*] Odd a very handsome fellow, a dangerous Rogue I'll warrant him, such fellows as these now should be fetter'd like unruly Colts, that they may not leap into others mans pastures; Here's a Nose now, I cou'd find in my heart to cut it off; damn'd Dog, to dare to presume to make a Cuckold of a Knight! Bless us what will this world come to! well poor *Sir David*, down, down upon thy knees, and thank the stars for thy deliverance.

Beau. 'Sdeath what's that I see? Sure 'tis the very Picture which I sent by *Sir Jolly*; if so, by this light, I am damnably Jilted.

Sir Da. But now if——

Beau. Surely he does not see us yet.

Fourb. See you, Sir, why he has but one eye, and we are on his blind side; I'll dumb found him. [*Strikes him on the shoulder.*]

Sir Da. Who the Devil's this? Sir, Sir, Sir, who are you, Sir?

Beau.

Beau. Ay, ay, 'tis the fame; now a pox of all amorous adventures; 'sdeath I'll go beat the impertinent Pimp that drew me into this fooling.

Sir Da. Sir, methinks you are very curious.

Beau. Sir, perhaps I have an extraordinary reason to be so.

Sir Da. And perhaps, Sir, I care not for you, nor your Reason neither.

Beau. Sir, if you are at leisure, I would beg the Honour to speak with you.

Sir Da. With me, Sir? What's your business with me?

Beau. I wou'd not willingly be troublesome, though it may be I am so at this time.

Sir Da. It may be so too, Sir.

Beau. But to be known to so worthy a Person as you are, would be so great an honour, so extraordinary a happiness, that I could not avoid taking this opportunity of tending you my Service.

Sir Da. Smooth Rogue, who the Devil is this fellow? (*Aside.*) But Sir you were pleased to nominate business Sir, I desire with what speed you can to know your business, Sir, that I may go about my business.

Beau. Sir, if I might with good manners, I should be glad to inform my self, whose Picture that is, which you have in your hand; methinks it is very fine Painting.

Sir Da. Picture, Friend, Picture! Sir, 'tis the resemblance of a very impudent Fellow, they call him Captain *Beaugard* forsooth, but he is in short a Rakehell, a poor lowzy beggarly disbanded Devil; do you know him Friend?—

Beau. I think I have heard of such a Vagabond, the truth on't is he is a very impudent Fellow.

Sir Da. Ay, a damn'd Rogue.

Beau. Oh a notorious Scoundrel.

Sir Da. I expect to hear he's hang'd by the next Sessions.

Beau. The truth on't is, he has deserv'd it long ago; but did you ever see him Sir *David*?

Sir Da. Sir—does he know me?

[*Aside.*

Beau. Because I fancy that Mignature is very much like him. Pray Sir, whence had it you?—

[*Compares the Picture with Beaugard's Face.*

Sir Da. Had it, Friend? had it! whence had it I!—bless us! what have I done now, this the very Traitor himself, if he should be desperate now, and put his Sword in my guts!—slitting my Nose will be as bad as that. I have but one eye left neither, and may be—Oh but this is the Kings Court, odd that's well remember'd, he dares not but be civil here; I'll try to out-huff him. Whence had it you?

Beau. Ay, Sir, whence had it you? that's *English* in my Country, Sir.

Sir Da. Go, Sir, you are a Rascal.

Beau. How!

Sir Da.

Sir Da. Sir, I say, you are a Rascal, a very impudent Rascal, nay I'll prove you to be a Rascal, if you go to that——

Beau. Sir, I am a Gentleman and a Souldier.

Sir Da. So much the worse, Souldiers have been Cuckold-makers, from the beginning; Sir I care not what you are; for ought I know you may be a —— come Sir, did I never see you? answer me to that, did I never see you? for ought I know you may be a Jesuit; there were more in the last Army besides you.

Beau. Of your acquaintance, and be hang'd.

Sir Da. Yes to my knowledge, there were several at *Hounslow Heath* disguised in dirty Petticoats, and cry'd Brandy, I knew a Serjeant of Foot that was familiar with one of them all night in a Ditch, and fancy'd him a woman, but the Devil is powerful.

Beau. In short, you worthy Villain of Worship, that Picture is mine, and I must have it, or I shall take an opportunity to kick your Worship most inhumanely.

Sir Da. Kick Sir.

Beau. Ay, Sir, kick, 'tis a Recreation I can shew you.

Sir Da. Sir, I am a free-born Subject of *England*, and there are Laws look you, there are Laws; so I say you are a Rascal again, and now how will you help your self? poor Fool.

Beau. Hark you Friend, have not you a Wife?

Sir Da. I have a Lady, Sir.——oh, and she's mightily taken with this Picture of yours, she was so mightily proud of it she could not forbear shewing it me, and telling too who it was sent it her.

Beau. And has she been long a Jilt? has she practised the Trade for any time?

Sir Da. Trade! humph, what Trade? what Trade? Friend.

Beau. Why the Trade of Whore and no Whore, Catterwauling in jest, putting out Christian Colours, when she's a Turk under Deck: A curse upon all honest women in the flesh, that are Whores in the Spirit.

Sir Da. Poor Devil, how he rails, ha, ha, ha, look you sweet Soul, as I told you before, there are Laws, there are Laws, but those are things not worthy your Consideration: Beautie's your Business; but dear vagabond, trouble thy self no further about my Spouse, let my Doxie rest in peace, she's meat for thy Master, old boy; I have my belly full of her every Night.

Beau. Sir, I wish all your Noble Family hang'd from the bottom of my heart.

Sir Da. Moreover Captain Swath, I must tell you my Wife is an honest Woman, of a virtuous disposition, one that I have lov'd from her Infancy, and she deserves it by her faithful dealing in this affair, for that she has discover'd loyalty to me the treacherous designs laid against her Chastity, and my Honour.

Beau. By this light the Beast weeps.

Sir Da. Truly I cannot but weep for Joy; to think how happy I am in a sincere faithful and loving Yoke-fellow, she charg'd me too to tell you

you into the bargain, that she is sufficiently satisfied of the most secret wishes of your heart.

Beau. I am glad on't.

Sir Da. And that 'tis her desire, that you would trouble your self no more about the matter.

Beau. With all my heart.

Sir Da. But hence forward behave your self with such discretion as becomes a Gentleman.

Ceau. Oh to be sure most exactly!

Sir Da. And let her alone to make the best use of those innocent Freedoms I allow her, without putting her reputation in hazard

Beau. As how, I beseech you——

Sir Da. By your impertinent and unseasonable address.

Beau. And this news you bring me by a particular commission from your sweet Lady.

Sir Da. Yea Friend I do, and she hopes you'll be sensible Dear heart, of her good meaning by it: these were her very words, I neither add nor diminish, for plain dealing is my Mistress's friend.

Beau. Then all the curses I shall think on this twelve-month light on her, and as many more on the next Fool that gives credit to the Sex.

Sir Da. Well, certainly I am the happiest Toad; how melancholly the Munkie stands now? Poor Pug hast thou lost her?

Beau. To be so sordid a Jilt, to betray me to such a Beast as that, can she have any good thoughts of such a Swine? Dam her, had she abus'd me handsomly it had never vex't me.

Sir Da. Now Sir with your permission I'll take my leave.

Beau. Sir, if you were gone to the Devil, I shou'd think you very well dispos'd of.

Sir Da. If you have any Letter, or other commendation to the Lady that was so charm'd with your Resemblance there, it shall be very faithfully conveyed by——

Beau. Fool.

Sir Da. Your humble Servant, Sir, I'm gon, I shall disturb you no further, your most humble Servant Sir. [Exit.

Beau. Now Poverty, Plague, Pox and Prison fall thick upon the head of thee, *Fourbin.*

Fourb. Sir!——

Beau. Thou hast been an extraordinary Rogue in thy time.

Fourb. I hope I have lost nothing in your Honours Service, Sir.

Beau. Find out some way to revenge me on this old Rascal, and if I do not make thee a Gentleman——

Fourb. That you have been pleas'd to do long ago, I thank you; for I am sure you have not left me one shilling in my Pocket these two Months.

Beau. Here, here's for thee to Revel with all.

Fourb. Will your Honour please to have his Throat cut?

Beau. With all my heart.

Fourb.

Fourb. Or would you have him decently hang'd at his own Door, and then give out to the World he did it himself?

Beau. That wou'd do very well.

Fourb. Or I think [to proceed with more safety] a good stale Jakes were a very pretty expedient.

Beau. Excellent, excellent *Fourbin.*

Fourb. Leave matters to my discretion; and if I do not—— [Exit.

Beau. I know thou wilt; go, go about it, prosper and be famous: now e're I dare venture to meet *Courtin* again, will I go by my self, rail for an hour or two, and then be good company. [Exit.

Enter Courtine and Sylvia.

Sylv. Take my word Sir, you had better give this business over. I tell you there's nothing in the World turns my Stomach so much as the man, that man that makes love to me. I never saw one of your Sex in my life make love, but he lookt so like an Ass all the while, that I blush't for him.

Court. I am afraid your Ladyship then is one of those dangerous Creatures they call She-wits, who are always so mightily taken with admiring themselves, that nothing else is worth their notice.

Sylv. Oh! who can be so dull not to be ravish't with that roysterous Meen of yours? that ruffling Ayr in your gate, that seems to cry where-e're you go, make room, here comes the Captain: that Face, the which bids defiance to the Weather. Bless us! if I were a poor Farmers wife in the Country now, and you wanted Quarters, how would it fright me? But as I am young, not very ugly, and one you never saw before, how lovingly it looks upon me.

Court. Who can forbear to sigh, look pale and languish, where Beauty and Wit unite both their forces to enslave a heart so tractable as mine is? First, for the modish swim of your Body, the victorious motion of your Arms and Head, the toss of your Fan, the glancing of the Eyes; bless us! If I were a dainty fine dress'd Coxcomb, with a great Estate and a little or no wit, vanity in abundance, and good for nothing, how would they melt and soften me? but as I am scandalous honest Rascal, not Fool enough to be your sport, nor rich enough to be your prey, how glotingly they look upon me!

Sylv. Alas, alas! what pity'tis your Honesty should ever do you hurt, or your Wit spoil your preferment.

Court. Just as much fair Lady, as that your Beauty should make you be envied at, or your Vertue provoke scandal.

Sylv. The more I look, the more I'm in love with you.

Court. The more I look, the more I am out of Love with you.

Sylv. How my heart swells when I see you!

Court. How my Stomach rises when I am near you!

Sylv. Nay, then let's bargain.

Court. With all my heart; what?

Sylv.

The Souldiers Fortune.

17

Silv. Not to fall in love with each other, I assure you Monsieur Captain.

Court. But to hate one another constantly and cordially.

Silv. Always when you are drunk, I desire you to talk scandalously of me.

Court. Ay, and when I am sober too, in return whereof when e're you see a Coquet of your acquaintance, and I chance to be named, be sure you spit at the filthy remembrance, and rail at me as if you lov'd me.

Silv. In the next place, when e're we meet in the *Mall*, I desire you to humph, put out your Tongue, make ugly mouths, laugh aloud, and look back at me.

Court. Which if I chance to do, be sure at next turning to pick up some taudry fluttering Fop or another.

Silv. That I made acquaintance with all at the Musique-meeting.

Court. Right, Just such another Spark to saunter by your side with his Hat under his Arm.

Silv. Harkning to all the bitter things I can say to be revenged.

Court. Whilst the dull Rogue dare not so much as grin to oblige you, for fear of being beaten for it, when he was out of his waiting.

Silv. Counterfeit your Letters from me.

Court. And you to be even with me for the scandal, publish to all the World I offer'd to marry you.

Silv. Oh hideous marriage!

Court. Horrid, horrid marriage!

Silv. Name, name no more of it.

Court. At that sad word let's part.

Silv. Let's wish all men decrepid, dull and silly.

Court. And every Woman old and ugly.

Silv. Adieu! ———

Court. Farewell! ———

Enter a young fellow, affectedly drest, several others with him.

Silv. Ah me, Mr. Frisk!

Frisk. Madamoisèl, *Silvia*! sincerely as I hope to sav'd, the Devil take me, Dam me Madam, who's that?

Silv. Ha, ha, ha, hea.

[Exit with Frisk.]

Court. True to thy failings always, Woman, how naturally is the Sex fond of a Rogue! What a Monster was that for a Woman to delight in! now must I love her still, tho' I know I am a Block-head for't, and she'll use me like a block-head too, if I don't prevent her: what's to be done? I'll have three Whores a day, to keep Love out of my head.

Enter Beaugard.

Beaugard. Well met again, how go matters? Handfomly!

D

Beau.

The Souldiers Fortune.

Beau. Oh very handsomely! had you but seen how handsomely I was us'd just now, you would swear so. I have heard thee rail in my time, wou'd thou wouldst exercise thy talent a little at present.

Court. At what?

Beau. Why canst thou ever want a subject? rail at thy self, rail at me, I deserve to be rail'd at; see there, what thinkest thou of that Engine, that moving lump of filthiness, miscall'd a Man?

A Clumsie fellow marches over the Stage drest like an Officer.

Court. Curse on him for a Rogue, I know him.

Beau. So.

Court. The Rascal was a Retailer of Ale but yesterday, and now he is an Officer and be hang'd; 'tis a dainty sight in a morning to see him with his Toes turn'd in, drawing his Legs after him, at the head of a hundred lusty Fellows; some honest Gentleman or other stays now, because that Dog had money to bribe some corrupt Colonel withall.

Enter another gravely drest.

Beau. There, there's another of my acquaintance, he was my Fathers Footman not long since, and has pimpt for me oftner than he pray'd for himself; that good quality recommended him to a Noble-man's service, which together with flattering, fawning, lying, spying and informing, has rais'd him to an imployment of trust and reputation, though the Rogue can't write his name, nor read his neck Verse, if he had occasion.

Court. 'Tis as unreasonable to expect a man of Sense should be prefer'd, as 'tis to think a Hector can be stout, a Priest religious, a fair Woman chaste, or a pardon'd Rebel loyal.

Enter two more seeming earnestly in discourse.

Beau. That's seasonably thought on, look there, observe but that Fellow on the right hand, the Rogue with the busiest Face of the two, I'll tell thee his History.

Court. I hope hanging will be the end of his History, so well I like him at the first sight.

Beau. He was born a Vagabond, and no Parish own'd him; his Father was as obscure as his Mother publick, every body knew her, and no body could guess at him.

Court. He comes of a very good Family, heaven be prais'd.

Beau. The first thing he chose to rise by, was Rebellion, so a Rebel he grew, and flourish'd a Rebel, fought against his King, and helpt to bring him to the Block.

Court. And was he not Religious too?

Beau. Most devoutly! He could pray till he cry'd, and preach till he foam'd,

foam'd, which excellent Talent made him popular, and at last prefer'd him to be a worthy Member of that never to be forgotten Rump Parliament.

Court. Pray Sir be uncovered at that, and remember it with Reverence.

Beau. In short, he was a Committee-man, Sequestrater and Persecutor General of a whole County, by which he got enough at the King's Return to secure himself in the general Pardon.

Court. Nauseous Vermin: That such a Swine with the mark of Rebellion in his Forehead, should wallow in his Luxury, whilst honest men are forgotten!

Beau. Thus forgiven, thus rais'd, and made thus happy, the ungrateful Slave disowns the hand that healed him, cherishes Factions to affront his Master, and once more would Rebel against the Head, which so lately sav'd his from a Pole.

Court. What a dreadful Beard and swinging Sword he wears.'

Beau. 'Tis to keep his Cowardize in countenance; the Rascal will endure kicking most temperately for all that: I know five or six more of the same stamp, that never came abroad without terrible long Spits by their sides, with which they will let you bore their own Noses if you please; but let the Villain be forgotten.

Court. His Co-Rogue I have some knowledge of, he's a tatter'd worm-eaten Cafe-putter; some call him Lawyer, one that takes it very ill he is not made a Judge.

Beau. Yes, and is always repining that men of parts are not regarded.

Court. He has been a great noise-maker in factious Clubs these seven years, and now I suppose he is courting that Worshipful Rascal to make him Recorder of some factious Town.

Beau. To teach Tallow-Chandlers and Cheese-mongers how far they may rebel against their King by vertue of *Magna Charta*.

Court. But friend *Beaugard*, methinks thou art very spleenatick of a sudden, how goes the affair of Love forward, prosperously, hah!

Beau. Oh I assure you most Triumphantly, just now you must know I am parted with the sweet civil enchanted Ladies Husband.

Court. Well, and what says the Cuckold, is he very kind and good natur'd as Cuckolds use to be?

Beau. Why he says, *Courtine*, in short, that I am a very silly fellow, (and truly I am very apt to believe him) and that I have been Jilted in this affair most unconscionably; a Plague on all Pimps, I say, a mans business never thrives so well, as when he is his own Solicitor.

Enter Sir Jolly and a Boy.

Sir Jolly. Hist. hist. Capt. Capt. Capt. Boy.

Boy. Sir.

Sir Jolly. Run and get two Chairs presently, be sure you get two Chairs

Sirrah, do you hear? here's luck, here's luck, now or never Captain, never if not now Captain! here's luck.

Beau. Sir Jolly, No more Adventures sweet Sir Jolly, I am like to have a very fine time on't truly.

Sir Jolly. The best in the World dear Dog, the very best in the World, 'sbud she's here hard by man, stays on purpose for thee finely disguis'd. The Cuckold has lost her too; and no body knows any thing of the matter but I, no body but I, and I you must know, I am I, hah! and I you little Toad, hah!

Beau. You are a very fine Gentleman.

Sir Jolly. The best natur'd Fellow I believe in the World of my years! now does my heart so thump for fear this business should miscarry; why I'll warrant thee, the Lady is here man, she's all thy own, 'tis thy own fault if thou art not *in terra incognita* within this half hour: come along, prithee come along, fie for shame. What, make a Lady lose her longing! come along I say, you——out upon't.

Beau. Sir your humble. I shan't stir.

Sir Jolly. What? not go!

Beau. No Sir, no Lady for me.

Sir Jolly. Not go! I should laugh at that Faith.

Beau. No, I will assure you, not go Sir.

Sir Jolly. Away you Wag, you jest, you jest you Wag; not go, quotha?

Beau. No Sir, not go I tell you, what the Devil would you have more?

Sir Jolly. Nothing, nothing Sir, but I am a Gentleman.

Beau. With all my heart.

Sir Jolly. And do you think then that I'll be us'd thus?

Beau. Sir!

Sir Jolly. Take away my Reputation, and take away my Life, I shall be disgrac't for ever.

Beau. I have not wrong'd you Sir Jolly.

Sir Jolly. Not wrong'd me! But you shall find you have wrong'd me, and wrong'd a sweet Lady, and a fine Lady:——I shall never be trust'd again! never have employment more! I shall dye of the Spleen,——prithee now be good natur'd, prithee be perswaded, Odd I'll give thee this Ring, I'll give thee this Watch, 'tis Gold. I'll give thee any thing in the World, go.

Beau. Not one Foot, Sir.

Sir Jolly. Now that I durst but murder him——well, shall I fetch her to thee? What shall I do for thee?

Enter Lady Dunc.

'Odds fish here she comes her self, now you ill-natur'd Churle, now you Devil, look upon her, do but look upon her, what shall I say to her?

Beau. E'en what you please Sir Jolly.

Sir Jolly.

Sir Jolly. 'Tis a very strange Monster this—Madam this is the Gentleman, that's he, though (as one may say) he's something bashful, but I'll tell him who you are.

[Goes to Beaugard.

If thou art not more cruel than *Leopards, Lyons, Tigers, Wolves*, or *Tartars*, don't break my Heart, don't kill me, this unkindness of thine goes to the Soul of me.

[Goes to the Lady.

Madam, he says, he's so amazed at your Triumphant Beauty, that he dares not approach the excellence that shines from you.

Lady D. What can be the meaning of all this?

Sir Jolly. Art thou then resolv'd to be remorseless? canst thou be insensible, hast thou Eyes? hast thou a Heart? hast thou any thing thou shouldst have? odd I'll tickle thee, get you too her you Fool, get you to her, to her, to her, to her, ha, ha, ha.

Lady D. Have you forgot me *Beaugard*?

Sir Jolly. So now, to her agen. I say, to her, to her and be hang'd, Ah Rogue! Ah Rogue! now, now, have at her, now have at her, there it goes, there it goes, Hey——Boys!——

Lady D. Methinks this Face should not so much be alter'd, as to be nothing like what once I thought it, the object of your pleasure, and subject of your Praises.

Sir Jolly. Cunning Toad! Wheedling Jade! you shall see now how by degrees she'll draw him into the Whirl-Pool of Love, now he leers upon her, now he leers upon her, Oh law! there's Eyes! there's your Eyes! I must pinch him by the Calf of the Leg.

Beau. Madam, I must confess I do remember, that I had once acquaintance with a Face, whose Air and Beauty much resembled yours, and if I may trust my Heart, you are call'd *Clarinda*.

Lady D. Clarinda I was call'd, till my ill Fortune Wedded me: Now you may have heard of me by another Title: Your Friend there, I suppose has made nothing a secret to you.

Beau. And are you then that kind enchanted fair one who was so passionately in Love with my Picture, that you could not forbear betraying me to the Beast your Husband, and wrong the Passion of a Gentleman that languish't for you, only to make your Monster merry? Hark you Madam, had your Fool been worth it, I had beaten him, and have a Months mind to be exercising my parts that way upon your Go-between, your Male-Bawd there.

Sir Jolly. Ah Lord! Ah Lord! All's spoil'd agen, all's ruin'd, I shall be undone for ever, why what the Devil is the matter now? what have I done? what sins have I committed?

Lady D. And are you the passionate Adorer of our Sex? who cannot live a Week in *London*, without Loving? are you the Spark that sends your Picture up and down to longing Ladies, longing for a pattern of your Person?

Beau. Yes Madam, when I receive so good Hostages as these are,

[Shows the Gold.

That it shall be well us'd. Cou'd you find no body but me to play the Fool withall?

Sr

Sir Jolly. Alack a day!

Lady D. Could you pitch upon no Body but that wretched Woman, that has loved you too well to abuse you thus?

Sir Jol. That ever I was born!

Beau. Here, here Madam, I'll return you your dirt, I scorn your Wages, as I do your Service.

Lady D. Fye for shame, what refund? That is not like a Souldier to refund; keep, keep it to pay your Sempstrefs withal.

Sir Jolly. His Sempstrefs, who the Devil is his Sempstrefs? Odd what would I give to know that now!

Lady D. There was a Ring too, which I sent you this Afternoon, if that fit not your Finger, you may dispose of it some other way, where it may give no occasion of Scandal, and you'll do well.

Beau. A Ring, Madam!

Lady D. A small trifle, I suppose *Sir David* deliver'd it to you when he return'd you your Mignature.

Beau. I beseech you Madam!

Lady D. Farewell you Traytor.

Beau. As I hope to be sav'd, and upon the word of a Gentleman.

Lady D. Go you are a false ungrateful Brute, and trouble me no more.
[Exit.

Beau. *Sir Jolly*, *Sir Jolly*, *Sir Jolly*.

Sir Jolly. Ah thou Rebel!

Beau. Some advice, some advice, dear Friend, e're I'm ruin'd.

Sir Jolly. Ev'n two pennyworth of Hemp for your Honours Supper, that's all the remedy that I know.

Beau. But prithee hear a little reason.

Sir Jolly. No Sir, I ha' done, no more to be said, I ha' done, I am asham'd of you, I'll have no more to say to you, I'll never see your Face again, good b'w'y.
[Exit *Sir Jolly*.

Beau. Death and the Devil, what have my Stars been doing to day? a Ring! deliver'd by *Sir David*!—what can that mean?—Poxe on her for a Jilt, she lies, and has a mind to amuse and laugh at me a day or two longer; hift, here comes her Beast once more: I'll use him Civilly, and try what discovery I can make,

Enter Sir Davy Dunc.

Sir Da. Ha, ha, ha! Here's the Captains Jewel, very well: In troth I had like to have forgotten it, Ha, ha, ha!—how damnable Mad he'll be now, when I shall deliver him his Ring again, ha, ha!—Poor Dog, he'll hang himself at least, ha, ha, ha,——Faith 'tis a very pretty Stone, and finely set: *Humph!* if I should keep it now!—I'll say I have lost it; no I'll give it him again, o'purpose to vex him, ha, ha, ha.

Beau. *Sir David*, I am heartily sorry.

Sir Da. Oh Sir, 'tis you I was seeking for, ha, ha, ha, what shall I say to him now to terrifie him?
Beau.

Beau. Me, Sir!—

Sir Da. Ay, you Sir, if your name be Captain *Beaugard*: how like a Fool he looks already?—

Beau. What you please, Sir.

Sir Da. Sir, I would speak a word with you, if you think fit; what shall I do now to keep my countenance?

Beau. Can I be so happy, Sir, as to be able to serve you in any thing?

Sir Da. No Sir, ha, ha, ha, I have commands of service to you Sir oh Lord, ha, ha, ha.

Beau. Me, Sir.

Sir Da. Ay Sir, you Sir, but put on your hat, Friend, put on your hat, be cover'd.

Beau. Sir, will you please to sit down on this Bank?

Sir Da. No, no, there's no need, no need, for all I have a young Wife I can stand upon my legs, Sweet-heart.

Beau. Sir, I beseech you!

Sir Da. By no means, I think friend, we had some hard words just now, 'twas about a paultry baggage, but she's a pretty baggage, and a witty baggage, and a baggage that—

Beau. Sir, I am heartily asham'd of all misdemeanour on my side.

Sir Da. You do well, though are not you a damn'd Whore-Master, a devilish Cuckold-making fellow? here, here, do you see this? here's the Ring you sent a Roguing; Sir, do you think my Wife wants any thing that you can help her to?—Why I'll warrant you this Ring cost fifty pound: What a prodigal Fellow are you to throw away so much money; or didst thou steal it old Boy? I believe thou maist be poor, I'll lend thee money upon't, if thou thinkst fit, at thirty in the hundred, because I love thee, ha, ha, ha.

Beau. Sir, your humble Servant, I am sorry 'twas not worth your Ladies acceptance. Now what a dog am I!

Sir Da. I should have given it thee before, but faith I forgot it, though it was not my Wives fault in the least, for she says as thou likest this usage, she hopes to have thy custom again Child; ha, ha, ha,

Beau. Then Sir, I beseech you tell her, that you have made a Convert on me, and that I am so sensible of my insolent behaviour towards her—

Sir Da. Very well, I shall do it.

Beau. That 'tis impossible I shall ever be at peace with my self till I find some way how to make her reparation.

Sir Da. Very good ha, ha, ha.

Beau. And that if ever she find me guilty of the like offence again,—

Sir Da. No Sir, you had not best; but proceed, ha, ha, ha.

Beau. Let her banish all good opinion of me for ever.

Sir Da. No more to be said, your Servant, good b'w'y,

Beau. One word more, I beseech you, Sir *Davy*.

Sir Da. What's that?

Beau.

Beau. I beg you tell her, th at the generous reproof she has given me has so wrought upon me——

Sir Da. Well, I will.

Beau. That I esteem this Jewel, not only as a wreck redeem'd from my folly, but that for her sake I will preserve it to the utmost moment of my life.

Sir Da. With all my heart, I vow and swear.

Beau. And that I long to convince her I am not the Brute she might mistake me for.

Sir Da. Right; well, this will make the purest sport (*Aside*;) let me see, first you acknowledge your self to be a very impudent Fellow

Beau. I do so, Sir.

Sir Da. And that you shall never be at rest, till you have satisf'd my Lady.

Beau. Right, Sir.

Sir Da. Satisf'd her, very good, ha, ha, ha, and that you will never play the Fool any more. Be sure you keep your word, Friend.

Beau. Never, Sir.

Sir Da. And that you will keep that Ring for her sake, as long as you live, hah!——

Beau. To the day of my death, I'll assure you.

Sir Da. I protest that will be very kindly done——and that you long mightily, long to let her understand that you are another-guefs Fellow than she may take you for.

Beau. Exactly Sir, that is the Sum and End of my desires.

Sir Da. Well, I'll take care of your business, I'll do your business, I'll warrant you, this will be the purest sport when I come home, no, (*Aside*.) Well your Servant, remember, be sure you remember. Your Servant.

Beau. So, now I find a Husband is a delicate instrument rightly made use of;——To make her old jealous Coxcomb pimp for me himself, I think 'tis as worthy an employment as such a noble Consort can be put to.

Ah were ye all such Husbands and such Wives,
We younger Brothers shou'd lead better lives.

ACT III.

SCENE Covent-Garden.

Enter Sylvia, and Courtine.

Sylv. **T**O fall in love, and to fall in love with a Souldier! nay a disbanded Souldier too, a fellow with the mark of *Cain* upon him, which every body knows him by, and is ready to throw stones at him for.

Cour.

Cour. Dam, her, I shall neyer enjoy her without ravishing; if she were but very rich and very ugly, I wou'd marry her; Ay, 'tis she, I know her mischievous look too well to be mistaken in it, ————Ma-dam! ————

Sylv. Sir.

Cour. 'Tis a very hard Case, that you have resolv'd not to let me be quiet.

Sylv. 'Tis very unreasonably done of you, Sir, to haunt me up and down every where at this scandalous rate, the world will think we are acquainted shortly.

Cour. But, Madam, I shall fairly take more care of my Reputation, and from this time forward shun and avoid you most watchfully.

Sylv. Have you not haunted this place these two hours?

Cour. 'Twas because I knew it to be your Ladyships home then, and therefore might reasonably be the place you least of all frequented, one would imagine you were gone a Coxcomb-hunting by this time, to some place of publick appearance or other, 'tis pretty near the hour, 'twill be twilight presently, and then the Owls come all abroad.

Sylv. What need I take the trouble to go so far a fowling, when there's game enough at our own doors?

Cour. What, game for your Net, fair Lady?

Sylv. Yes, or any Womans Net else, that will spread it.

Cour. To shew you how despicably I think of the business, I will here leave you presently, though I lose the pleasure of railing at you.

Sylv. Do so, I wou'd advise you; your raillery betrays your wit, as bad as your clumsy civility does your breeding.

Cour. Adieu! ————

Sylv. Farewell! ————

Cour. Why do not you go about your business?

Sylv. Because I would be sure to be rid of you first, that you might not dog me.

Cour. Were it but possible that you cou'd answer me one question truly, and then I should be satisfi'd.

Sylv. Any thing for composition to be rid of you handsomly.

Cour. Are you really very honest? Look in my face and tell me that.

Sylv. Look in your Face and tell you, for what? To spoil my Stomach to my Supper.

Cour. No, but to get thee a Stomach to thy Bed, Sweet-heart, I would if possible be better acquainted with thee, because thou art very ill-natur'd.

Sylv. Your only way to bring that business about effectually, is to be more troublesome, and if you think it worth your while to be abus'd substantially; you may make your personal appearance this Night.

Cour. How? where? and when? and what hour I beseech thee?

Sylv. Under the Window, between the hours of eleven and twelve exactly.

Cour. Where shall these lovely Eyes, and Ears hear my Complaints, and see my Tears.

Sylv. At that kind hour thy griefs shall end, if thou canst know
Foe from thy Friend.

[Exit Sylvia.

Cour. Here's another trick of the Devil now, under that Window,
between the hours of eleven and twelve exactly, I am a damn'd Fool,
and must go, let me see, suppose I meet with a lusty beating! pish, that's
nothing for a man that's in love, or suppose she contrive some way to
make a publick Coxcomb of me, and expose me to the scorn of the
World, for an example to all amorous Block-heads hereafter? why if
she do, I'll swear I have lain with her, beat her Relations, if they pretend
to Vindicate her, and so there's one love intrigue pretty well over.

[Exit Cour.

Enter Sir David, and Vermin.

Sir Da. Go, get you in to your Lady now, and tell her, I am coming.

Verm. Her Ladyship, Right-worshipful, is pleas'd not to be at home.

Sir Da. How's that? my Lady not at home! run, run in and ask
when she went forth, whither she is gone, and who is with her, run
and ask, *Verm.*

Ver. She went out in her Chair presently after you this Afternoon.

Sir Da. Then I may be a Cuckold still for ought I know, what will
become of me? I have surely lost, and ne're shall find her more, the prom-
is'd me strictly to stay at home, till I came back again; for ought I
know she may be up three pair of stairs in the Temple now.

Verm. Is her Ladyship in Law then, Sir?

Sir Da. Or it may be taking the Air as far as *Knights-Bridge* with
some smooth-fac'd Rogue or another: 'tis a damn'd house, that *Swan*,
that *Swan* at *Knights-bridge* is a confounded house, *Verm.*

Verm. Do you think she is there then?

Sir Da. No, I do not think she is there neither; but such a thing may
be, you know; would that *Barn-Elm* was under water too, there's a
1000 Cuckolds a Year made at *Barn-Elms*, by *Rosamond's Ponds*, the
Devil if she shou'd be there this evening, my heart's broke.

Enter Sir Jolly.

Sir Jol. That must be *Sir Davy*; Ay, that's he, that's he, ha, ha, ha,
was ever the like heard of: was ever any thing so pleasant?

Sir Da. I'll lock her up three days, and three nights, without meat,
drink, or light, I'll humble her in the Devil's name.

Sir Jol. Well, cou'd I but meet my Friend, *Sir Davy*, it wou'd be
the joyfullest news for him.

Sir Da. Who's there that has any thing to say to me?

Sir Jol. Ah my Friend of Friends, such news, such tidings!

Sir Da. I have lost my Wife, Man.

Sir Jol. Lost her! she's not dead I hope?

Sir

Sir *Da.* Yes. Alas, she's dead, irrecoverably lost.

Sir *Jol.* Why, I parted with her within this half hour.

Sir *Da.* Did you so, are you sure it was she? where was it? I'll have my Lord-Chief-Justices Warrant and a Constable presently.

Sir *Jol.* And she made the purest sport now, with a Young Fellow, Man, that she met withall accidentally.

Sir *Da.* Oh Lord! that's worse and worse, a Young Fellow! — my Wife making sport with a young fellow! oh Lord! here are doings, here are vagaries! I'll run mad, I'll climb *Bow-steeple* presently, bestride the Draggon, and preach Cuckoldom to the whole City.

Sir *Jol.* The best of all was too, that it happen'd to be an idle Coxcomb that pretended to be in love with her, Neighbour.

Sir *Da.* Indeed, in love with her! who was it? what's his Name? I warrant you won't tell a Body, — I'll indite him in the Crown-Office; no I'll issue Warrants to apprehend him for Treason upon the Statute of *Edw. 19.* won't you tell me what young Fellow it was, was it a very handsome young fellow, hah —

Sir *Jol.* Handsome! yes hang him, the fellow's handsome enough; he is not very handsome neither, but he has a devillish leering black-eye.

Sir *Da.* Oh Lord!

Sir *Jol.* His face too is a good riding Face, 'tis no soft effeminate complexion indeed, but his countenance is ruddy, sanguine, and chearful, a devillish fellow in a Corner, I'll warrant him.

Sir *Da.* Bless us! what will become of me, why the devil did I marry a young Wife? Is he very well shap'd too, tall, streight, and proportionable, hah! —

Sir *Jol.* Tall? No, he's not very tall neither, yet he is tall enough too, he's none of your overgrown lubberly Flanders Jades, but more of the true *English* breed, well knit, able and fit for service old Boy; the Fellow is well shap'd truly, very well proportion'd, strong and active, I have seen the Rogue leap like a Buck.

Sir *Da.* Who can this be? Well, and what think you, Friend, has he been there? Come, come, I'm sensible she's a young Woman, and I am an old Fellow, troth a very old Fellow, I signify little or nothing now, but do you think he has prevailed? am I a Cuckold Neighbour.

Sir *Jol.* Cuckold! what, a Cuckold in *Covent-Garden*? No, I'll assure you, I believe her to be the most vertuous Woman in the World; but if you had but seen —

Sir *Da.* Ay, wou'd I had, what was it?

Sir *Jol.* How like a Rogue she us'd him: First of all comes me up the Spark to her, Madam, says he — and then he bows down, thus — how now, says she, what would the impertinent Fellow have?

Sir *Da.* Humph? ha! well, and what then?

Sir *Jol.* Madam, says he again (bowing as he did before) my heart is so entirely yours, that except you take pity of my sufferings I must here dye at your Feet.

Sir *Da.* So, and what said she again, Neighbour? hah!

Sir Fol. Go, you are a Fop.

Sir Da. Ha, ha, ha, did she indeed? Did she say so indeed? I am glad on't, troth I am very glad on't; well, and what next? And, how, and well, and what? ha! —

Sir Fol. Madam, says he, this won't do, I am your humble Servant, for all this, you may pretend to be as ill-natur'd as you please, but I shall make bold.

Sir Da. Was there ever such an impudent Fellow?

Sir Fol. With that, Sirrah, says she, you are a sawfie Jakanapes, and I'll have you kickt.

Sir Da. Ha, ha, ha! Well, I wou'd not be unmarried again to be an Angel.

Sir Fol. But the best jest of all was who this should be at last.

Sir Da. Ay, who indeed! I'll warrant you some silly Fellow or other, poor Fool!

Sir Fol. E'en a scandalous Rake-hell, [that lingers up and down the Town by the Name of Captain *Beaugard*, but he has been a bloody Cuckold-making Scoundrel in his time.

Sir Da. Hang him Sot, is it he? I don't value him thus, not a wet finger Man, to my knowledge she hates him, she scorns him Neighbour, I know it, I am very well satisfied in the point, besides I have seen him since that, and have out-hector'd him: I am to tell her from his own mouth, that he promises never to affront her more.

Sir Fol. Indeed.

Sir Da. Ay, Ay —

Enter Lady Duncce, paying her Chairman.

Chairman. God blefs you, Madam, thank your honour.

Sir Fol. Hush, hush, there's my Lady, I'll be gone, I'll not be seen, your humble servant, God b'w'y.

Sir Da. No faith, *Sir Folly*, e'en go into my house now, and stay supper with me, we han't sup't together a great while.

Sir Fol. Hah! say you so, I don't care if I do, faith withall my heart; this may give me an opportunity to set all things right again. [*Aside.*

Sir Da. My Dear!

Lady D. Sir!

Sir Da. You have been abroad, my Dear, I see!

Lady D. Only for a little Air, truly I was almost stifled within doors, I hope you will not be angry, *Sir David*, will you?

Sir Da. Angry Child! no Child, not I; what should I be angry for?

Lady D. I wonder *Sir David*, you will serve me at this rate. Did you not promise me to go in my behalf to *Beaugard*, and correct him according to my instructions for his insolence?

Sir Da. So I did, Child; I have been with him, Sweet-heart, I have told him all to a tittle, I gave him back again the Picture too, but as the Devil would have it, I forgot the Ring, faith I did.

Lady

Lady D. Did you purpose, Sir *Sodom*, to render me ridiculous to the man I abominate, what scandalous interpretation think you must he make of my retaining any trifle of his sent me on so dishonourable terms?

Sir Da. Really, my *Lamb*, thou art in the right; yes I went back afterwards, Dear heart, and did the business to some purpose.

Lady D. I am glad that you did with all my heart.

Sir Da. I gave him his lesson, I'll warrant him.

Lady D. Lesson! what lesson had you to give him?

Sir Da. Why, I told him as he lik'd that usage he might come again. ha, ha, ha.

Lady D. Ay, and so let him.

Sir Da. With all my heart, I'll give him free leave, or hang me, though thou wou'd'st not imagine how the poor Devil's alter'd. La you there now, but as certainly as I stand here, that man is troubled that he swears he shall not rest day nor night till he has satisfied thee; prithee be satisfied with him if it is possible, my dear, prithee do, I promis'd him before I left him to tell thee as much, for the poor wretch looks so simply, I cou'd not chuse but pity him, I vow and swear, ha, ha, ha.

Fol. Now, now, you little Witch, now you Chitsface, odd I cou'd find in my heart to put my little Finger in your Bubbies.

Lady D. Sir *David*, I must tell you, that I cannot but resent your so soon reconciliation with a man that I hate worse than death, and that if you lov'd me with half that tenderness which you profess, you wou'd not forget an affront so palpably, and so basely offer'd me.

Sir Da. Why Chicken, where's the Remedy? what's to be done? how wouldst thou have me deal with him?

Lady D. Cut his throat.

Sir Da. Bless us for ever? cut his throat? what do murder?

Lady D. Murder, yes, any thing to such an incorrigible Enemy of your honour, one that has resolv'd to persist in abusing of you, see here this Letter, this I receiv'd since I last parted with you; just now it was thrown into my Chair by an impudent Lacquey of his, kept o' purpose for such employments.

Sir Da. Let me see: a Letter indeed!—for the *Lady Dunce*——damn'd Rogue, treacherous dog, what can he say in the inside now? here's a Villain.

Lady D. Yes you had best break it open, you had so, 'tis like the rest of your discretion.

Sir Da. Lady, if I have an Enemy, it is best for me to know what mischief he intends me, therefore, with your leave, I will break it open.

Lady D. Do, do, to have him believe that I was pleas'd enough with it to do it my self, if you have the Spirit of a Gentleman in you, carry it back, and dash it as it is in the face of that audacious Fellow.

Sir Fol. What can be the meaning of this now?

Sir Da. A Gentleman, yes, Madam, I am a Gentleman, and the world shall find that I am a Gentelman,——I have certainly the best Woman in the World.

Lady

Lady D. What do you think must be the end of all this ? I have no refuge in the world, but your kindness, had I a jealous Husband now, how miserable must my life be !

Sir Jol. Ah Rogues Nose ! ah Devil ! ah Toad ! cunning thief, wheedling Slut, I'll bite her by and by.

Sir Dav. Poor Fool ! no Dear, I am not jealous, nor never will be jealous of thee : Do what thou wilt thou shalt not make me jealous, I love thee too well to suspect thee.

Lady D. Ah but how long will you do so ?

Sir Da. How long ! as long as I live I warrant thee, I——don't talk to a body so : I cannot hold if thou dost, my eyes will run over, poor Fool, poor Birdsnies ! poor Lambkin !

Lady D. But will you be so kind to me to answer my desires, will you once more endeavour to make that Traytor sensible that I have too just an esteem of you, not to value his Adresses as they deserve ?

Sir Da. Ay, Ay, I will.

Lady D. But don't stay away too long Dear, make what haste you can, I shall be in pain till I see you again.

Sir Da. My Dear, my Love, my Babby, I'll be with thee in a moment, how happy am I above the rest of men ! Neighbour, dear Neighbour, walk in with my Wife, and keep her company, till I return again. Child don't be troubled, prithee don't be troubled, was there ever such a Wife, well, da, da, da, don't be troubled, prithee don't be troubled, prithee don't be troubled, Da, da.

Lady D. Sir Jolly, Sir Jolly, Sir Jolly.

Sir Jol. Don't be troubled, prithee don't be troubled, da, da.

Lady D. But Sir Jolly, can you guess whereabouts my wandring Officer may be probably found now ?

Sir Jol. Found, Lady ? he is to be found, Madam, he is to be at my house presently Lady, he's certainly one of the finest Fellows in the World.

Lady D. You speak like a Friend, Sir Jolly.

Sir Jol. His Friend, Lady ; no Madam, his Foe, his utter Enemy, I shall be his ruin, I shall undo him.

Lady D. You may, if you please ; then come both and play at Cards this Evening with me for an hour or two, for I have contriv'd it so, that Sir David is to be abroad at Supper to night, he cannot possibly avoid it ; I long to win some of the Captain's Money strangely.

Sir Jol. Do you so, my Gamester ? Well, I'll be sure to bring him, and for what he carries about him I'll warrant you——odd he's a pretty Fellow, a very pretty Fellow, he has only one fault.

Lady D. And what is that I beseech you, Sir ?

Sir Jol. Only too loving, too good natur'd, that's all, 'tis certainly the best natur'd Fool breathing, that's all his fault.

Lady D. Hift, hift, I think I see company coming, if you please, Sir Jolly we'll go in.

Enter

Enter Beaugard, follow'd by Sir Davy, Vermin.

Sir Fol. Mum, mum, 'tis he himself, the very same; odds so, *Sir Davy* after him too, hush, hush, hush, let us be gone, let us retire, do but look upon him now, mind him a little, there's a shape, there's an Air, there's a motion! Ah Rogue, ah Devil, get you in, get you in, I say there's a shape for you. [Exit.]

Beau. What the Devil shall I do to recover this days loss again, my honourable Pimp too, my Pander Knight has forsaken me, methinks I am quandari'd like one going with a party to discover the Enemies Camp; but had lost his guide upon the mountains: Curse on him old *Argus* is here agen, there can be no good Fortune towards me when he's at my heels.

Sir Da. Sir, Sir, Sir, one word with you, Sir! Captain, Captain, noble Captain, one word, I beseech you.

Beau. With me Friend?

Sir Da. Yes with you, my no Friend.

Beau. *Sir David* my intimate, my Bosom Physitian——

Sir Da. Ah Rogue! damn'd Rogue!

Beau. My Confessor, my dearest Friend, I ever had——

Sir Da. Dainty Wheadle, here's a Fellow for ye.

Beau. One that has taught me to be in love with Vertue, and shewn me the ugly inside of my Follies.

Sir Da. Your humble Servant.

Beau. Is that all? if you are as cold in your Love as you are in your Friendship, *Sir Davy*, your Lady has the worst time on't of any one in Christendom.

Sir Da. So she has, Sir, when she cannot be free from the insolent solicitations of such Fellows as you are, Sir.

Beau. As me, Sir? why who am I, good Sir *Domine Doddle-pate*?

Sir Da. So, take notice he threatens me, I'll have him bound to the peace instantly, will you never have remorse of Conscience Friend? have you banisht all shame from your Soul? Do you consider my Name is *Sir Davy Dunc*? that I have the most vertuous Wife living? Do you consider that? Now how like a Rogue he looks again; what a hang-dog leer was that?

Beau. Your vertuous Wife, Sir, you are always harping upon that string, *Sir Davy*.

Sir Da. No, 'tis you wou'd be harping upon that string, Sir, see you this? cast your eyes upon this, this Letter Sir, did not you promise this very day, to abandon all manner of proceedings of this Nature, tending to the dishonour of me and my Family?

Beau. Letter, Sir? what the devil does he mean now? Let me see, For the Lady *Dunc*, this is no scrawl of mine, I'll be Sworn by *Jove*, her own hand! What a Dog was I! forty to one but I had play'd the fool, and spoil'd all again; was there ever so Charming a Creature breathing,——did your Lady deliver this to your hands Sir? Sir

Sir *Da.* Ev'n her own self in Person, Sir, and bad me tell you, Sir, that she has too just an esteem of me, Sir, out to value such a Fellow as you are as you deserve.

Beau. Very good: (*Reads the Letter*) I doubt not but this Letter will surprize you——(in troth, and so it does extreemly) but reflect upon the manner of conveying it to your hand as kindly as you can.

Sir *Da.* Ay a damn'd Thief, to have it thrown into the Chair by a Footman.

Beau. (*Reads*) Would Sir *Davy* were but half so kind to you as I am.

Sir *Da.* Say you so, you insinuating Knave. [*Sir Folly reads.*]

Beau. But he I am fatish'd is so severely jealous, that except you contrive some way to let me see you this evening: I fear all will be hopeles.

Sir *Da.* Impudent Traytor, I might have been a Monster yet before I had got my Supper in my Belly.

Beau. In order to which either appear your self, or some body for you, half an hour hence in the *Piazza*, when more may be considered of, adieu.

Sir *Da.* Thanks to you, noble Sir, with all my heart, you are come I see accordingly, but as a Friend I am bound in Conscience to tell the business won't do, the trick won't pass, Friend, you may put up your Pipes, and march off: Oh Lord! he lye with my Wife, Pughhh, he make Sir *Davy Dunce* a Cuckold, poor wretch, ha, ha, ha.

Sir *Fol.* Hift, hift, hift.

Enter Lady Dunce, and Fourbin disguis'd.

Lady D. That's he, there he is! Succeed, and be rewarded.

Four. Other people may think what they please; but in my own opinion, I am a very pretty Fellow now, if my design but succeed upon this old Baboon, I'll be canoniz'd, Sir, Sir, Sir.

Sir *Da.* Friend! with me? Wou'd you speak with me, Friend?

Fourb. Sir, my commands were to attend your Worship.

Sir *Fol.* *Beaugard, Beaugard*, hift, hift, here, here, quickly, hift.

Sir *Da.* Where do you live Sweet-heart, and who do you belong to?

Fourb. Sir, I am a small instrument of the City, I serve the Lord Mayor in his Office there.

Sir *Da.* How, the Lord Mayor?

Fourb. Yes, Sir, who desires you by all means to do him the Honour of your company at supper this evening.

Sir *Da.* It will be the greatest honour I ever receiv'd in my Life, what my Lord Mayor invite me to supper? I am his Lordship's most humble servant.

Fourb. Yes, Sir, if your name be Sir *Davy Dunce*, as I have the honour to be inform'd it is, he desires you moreover to make what haste you can, for that he has some matters of importance to communicate to your honour, which may take up some time.

Lady

Lady D. I hope it will succeed.

Sir Da. Communicate with me. he does me too noble a Favour ; I'll fly upon the wings of Ambition to lay my self at his Footstool : My Lord Mayor sends himself to invite me to Supper, to conferr with me too : I shall certainly be a great Man.

Fourb. What Answer will your Worship charge me back withal?

Sir Da. Let his Lordship know, that I am amazed and confounded at his Generosity ; and that I am so transported with the Honour he does me, that I will not fail to wait on him in the roasting of an Egg.

Fourb. I am your Worship's lowly Slave.

Sir Da. *Verm.* get the Coach ready ; get me the Gold Medal too and Chain, which I took from the Roman Catholick Officer for a Popish Relick : I'll be fine ; I'll shine, and drink Wine that's divine ; my Lord-Mayor invite me to Supper !

Lady D. My Dearest, I'm glad to see thee return'd in safety, from the bottom of my heart : Hast thou seen the Traitor ?

Sir Da. Seen him ! Hang him, I have seen him ; 'Pox on him, seen him !

Lady D. Well, and what is become of him ? Where is he ?

Sir Da. Why dost thou ask me where he is ? What a Pox care I what becomes of him ; prithee don't trouble me with thy impertinence, I am busie,

Lady D. You are not angry, my Dear, are you ?

Sir Da. No, but I am pleas'd, and that's all one ; very much pleas'd let me tell you, but that I am only to sup with my Lord Mayor, that's all ; nothing else in the World, only the business of the Nation calls upon me, that's all ; therefore once more, I say, don't be troublesome, but stand off.

Lady D. You always think my Company troublesome ; you never stay at home to comfort me ; what think you I shall do alone by my self all this Evening ? Mopeing in my Chamber ; 'Pray', my Joy stay with me for once. I hope he won't take me at my Word. *[Aside.]*

Sir Da. I say again and again, Tempter stand off, I will not lose my Preferment for my Pleasure ; Honour is towards me, and Flesh and Blood are my Aversion.

Lady D. But how long will you stay then ?

Sir Da. I don't know, may be not an hour, may be all night, as his Lordship and I think fit ; what's that to any body ?

Lady D. You are very cruel to me.

Sir Da. I can't help it ; go, get you in, and pass away the time with your Neighbour, I'll be back again before I die ; In the mean time be humble and conformable, go. Is the Coach ready ?

Verm. Yes, Sir.

Sir Da. Well, your Servant ; what nothing to my Lady Mayores ! You have a great deal of Breeding indeed, a great deal ; nothing to my Lady Mayores ?

Lady D. My Service to her, if you please.

Sir D. Well, Da, Da, the poor fool-cries, o' my conscience! Adieu,
do you hear, farewell. [Exit.]

Lady D. As well as what I love can make me.

Enter Sir Jolly.

Sir Jol. Madam, is he gone?

Lady D. In Post-haste, I assure.

Sir Jol. In Troth, and joy go with him.

Lady D. Do you then, Sir Jolly, conduct the Captain hither, whilst
I go and dispose of the Family, that we may be private. [Exit.]

Enter Sir Davy.

Sir D. Troth, I had forgot my Medal and Chain, quite and clean
forgot my Relique; I was forc'd to come up these back-stairs, for
fear of meeting my Wife again; it is the troublesom'st loving Fool; I
must into my Closet, and write a short Letter too; 'tis Post-night, I
had forgot that: Well, I wou'd not have my Wife catch me for a
Guinea. [Exit.]

Enter Beaugard and Lady D.

Beau. Are you certain, Madam, no body is this way? I fancy as we
enter'd, I saw the glimpse of something more than ordinary.

Lady D. Is it your care of me? or your personal fears, that make you
so suspicious? Whereabouts was the Apparition?

Beau. There, there, just at the very door.

Lady D. Fie for shame, that's Sir Davy's Closet; and he, I'm satis-
fy'd is far enough off by this time. I'm sure I heard the Coach drive
him away. But to convince you, you shall see now: Sir Davy, Sir Davy,
Sir Davy, *[knocking at the Closet-door.]* Look you there; you a Captain,
and afraid of a Shadow! Come, Sir, shall we call for the Cards?

Beau. And what shall we play for, pretty One?

Lady D. E'en what you think Best, Sir.

Beau. Silver Kisses, or Golden Joys! Come, let us make Stakes a
little.

Enter Sir Jolly.

Sir Jol. Ah, Rogue, ah, Rogue! are you there? Have I caught you
in Faith, now, now, now!

Lady D. And who shall keep them?

Beau. You, 'till Sir Davy returns from Supper.

Lady D. That may be long enough; for our Engine *Fourbin* has Or-
ders not to give him over suddenly, I assure you.

Beau. And is't to your self then I'm oblig'd for this blest opportuni-
ty? Let us improve it to Love's best advantage.

Sir

Sir Jol. Ah, h, h, h! Ah, h, h, h, h!

Bean. Let's vow eternal, and raise our Thoughts to expectation of immortal Pleasures: in one anothers eyes let's read our joys, till we've no longer power o'er our desires, drunk with this dissolving, oh!—

Enter Sir Davy from his Closet.

Lady D. Ah!

Bean. By this Light, the Cuckold: *Presto*; nay, then Halloo.

[Squeaks.

[Gets up, and runs away.

Sir Da. Oh Lord, a Man! a Man in my Wife's Chamber! Murder, Murder, Thieves, Thieves, shut up my Doors! Madam! Madam! Madam!

Enter Sir Jolly.

Sir Jol. Ay, Ay, Thieves, Thieves, Murder, Murder, where Neighbour, where, where?

Lady D. Pierce, pierce this wretched Heart, hard to the Hilts, dye this in deepest Crimson of my Blood; spare not a miserable Woman's Life, whom Heav'n design'd to be the unhappy Object of the most horrid usage Man e'er acted. *Catches up Beaugard's sword, which he had left behind him in the hurry, and presents it to Sir Da- vy.*

Sir Da. What, in the Name of Satan, does she mean now.

Lady D. Curse on my fatal Beauty! blasted ever be these two baneful eyes that cou'd inspire a barbarous Villain to attempt such Crimes as all my Blood's too little to atone for: Nay, you shall hear me—

Sir Da. Hear you, Madam! No, I have seen too much, I thank you heartily; hear you, Quotha!—

Lady D. Yes; and, before I die too, I'll be justify'd.

Sir Jol. Justify'd, oh Lord, justify'd!—

Lady D. Notice being given me of your return, I came with speed to this unhappy Place, where I have oft been blest with your Embraces, when from behind the Arras out starts *Beaugard*; how he came there Heav'n knows.

Sir Da. I'll have him hang'd for Burglary; he has broken my House, and broke the Peace upon my Wife: Very good!

Lady D. Streight in his Arms he grasp'd me fast; with much a-do I plung'd and got my freedom, ran to your Closet-door, knock'd and implor'd your aid, call'd on your name; but all in vain—

Sir Da. Hah!

Lady D. Soon again he seiz'd me, stopp'd my mouth; and, with a Conqueror's Fury—

Sir Da. Oh Lord! oh Lord! no more, no more, I beseech thee, I shall grow mad, and very mad; I'll plough up Rocks and Adamantine Iron-bars; I'll crack the Frame of Nature, fall out like *Tamberlain* upon the *Trojan Horse*, and drive the Pigmies all like Geese before me.

Sir *Da.* Oh Lord, stop her mouth ! Well, and how ? and what then ! stop'd thy mouth ! Well ! Hah !

Lady *D.* No, though unfortunate, I still am innocent ; his cursed purpose cou'd not be accomplish'd ; but who will live so injur'd ? No, I'll die to be reveng'd on my self : I ne'er can hope that I may see his streaming Gore ; } *Offers to run upon the Sword,*
and thus I let out my own ———

Sir *Da.* Ha ! what would'st thou do, my Love ; prithee don't break my heart ? If thou wilt kill, kill me ; I know thou art innocent, I see thou art ; though I had rather be a Cuckold a thousand times, than lose thee, poor Love, poor Dearee, poor Baby.

Sir *Jol.* Alack-a-day ———

[*Weeps.*

Lady *D.* Ah me ! ———

Sir *D.* Ah, prithee be comforted now, prithee do ; why, I'll love thee the better for this, for all this, Mun : Why should'st be troubled for another's ill doings ! I know it was no fault of thine.

Sir *Jol.* No, no more it was not, I dare swear.

Sir *Da.* See, see, my Neighbour weeps too ; he is troubled to see thee thus.

Lady *D.* Oh, but Revenge !

Sir *Da.* Why, thou shalt have Revenge ; I'll have him murder'd ; I'll have his Throat cut before to-morrow-morning, Child : Rise now, prithee rise.

Sir *Jol.* Ay, do, Madam, and smile upon Sir *Davy.*

Lady *D.* But will you love me then as well as e'er you did ?

Sir *Da.* Ay, and the longest day I live too.

Lady *D.* And shall I have Justice done me on that prodigious Monster ?

Sir *Da.* Why, he shall be Crows-meat by to-morrow-night ; I tell thee he shall be Crows meat by midnight, Chicken.

Lady *D.* Then I will live ; since so, 'tis something pleasant : Whence I in Peace may lead a happy Life.

With such a Husband ———

Sir *Da.* I with such a Wife.

A C T IV.

SCENE, *the Tavern.*

Enter Beaugard, Courtine, and Drawer.

Draw. **VV**elcome, Gentlemen, very welcome, Sir ; will you please to walk up one pair of stairs ?

Beau. Get the great Room ready presently ; carry up too a good stock of

of Bottles before hand, with Ice to cool our Wine, and Water to refresh our Glasses.

Draw. It shall be done, Sir; Coming, coming there, coming: Speak up in the Dolphin, some body.

Beau. Ah, *Courtine*, must we be always idle! Must we never see our glorious days again! When shall we be rowling in the Lands of Milk and Honey, encampt in large luxuriant Vineyards, where the loaded Vines Cluster about our Tents, drink the rich juice, just prest from the plump Grape, feeding on all the fragrant Golden Fruit that grow in fertile Climes, and ripen'd by the earliest vigour of the Sun?

Court. Ah, *Beaugard*! Those days have been, but now we must resolve to content our selves at an humble rate: Methinks it is not unpleasant to consider how I have seen thee in a large Pavillion; drowning the heat of the day in *Campagne*. Wines, sparkling sweet as those Charming Beauties, whose dear remembrance every Glas Recorded, with half a dozen honest Fellows more, Friends, *Beaugard*; faithful hearty Friends; things as hard to meet with as Preferment here: Fellows that wou'd speak truth boldly, and were proud on't; that scorn'd Flattery, lov'd Honesty, for 'twas there Portion; and never yet learn'd the Trade of Ease and Lying; but now —

Beau. Ay, now we are at home in our natural Hives, and sleep like Drones; but there's a Gentleman on the other side the Water, that may make work for us all one day.

Court. but in the mean while —

Beau. In the mean while patience, *Courtine*; that is the *English* Man's Vertue: Go to the Man that owes you Money, and tell him you are necessitated, his answer shall be, a little patience, I beseech you, Sir: Ask a Cowardly Rascal satisfaction for a sordid injury done you; he shall cry, alas a day, Sir, you are the strangest Man living, you won't have patience to hear one speak: Complain to a Great Man that you want Preferment, that you have forsaken considerable Advantages abroad, in obedience to publick Edicts; all you shall get of him, is this, you must have patience, Sir.

Court. But will patience feed me, or cloath me, or keep me clean?

Beau. Prithee no more hints of Poverty: 'tis scandalous, 'sDeath, I wou'd as soon chuse to hear a Souldier brag, as complain: dost thou want any Money?

Court. True indeed, I want no necessaries to keep me alive; but I do not enjoy my self with that freedom I wou'd do, there is no more pleasure in living at stint, than there is in living alone. I wou'd have it in my Power (when he needed me) to serve and assist my Friend, I wou'd to my Ability deal handsomly too, by the Woman that pleased me.

Beau. Oh, fy for shame! You wou'd be a Whore-master, Friend, go, go, I'll have no more to do with you.

Court. I wou'd not be forc'd neither at any time to avoid a Gentleman that had obliged me, for want of Money to pay him a Debt contracted

tracted in our old acquaintance, it turns my Stomach to wheedle with the Rogue I scorn, when he uses me Scurvily, because he has my Name in his Shop-Book.

Beau. As for Example, to endure the familiarities of a Rogue, that shall cock his greasie Hat in my Face, when he duns me, and at the same time vail it to an overgrown Deputy of the Ward, though a frowzy Fellmonger.

Court. To be forced to concur with his Non-sence too, and laugh at his Parish-Jests.

Beau. To use respects and ceremonies to the Milch-Cow his Wife, and praise her pretty Children, though they stink of their Mother, and are uglier than the Issue of a Baboon; yet all this must be endured.

Court. Must it, *Beaugard*.

Beau. And since 'tis so, let's think of a Bottle.

Court. with all my Heart, for railing and drinking do much better together than by themselves; a private room, a trusty Friend or two, good Wine and bold Truths, are my happiness; but where's our dear Friend and Intimate, Sir *Jolly*, this Evening?

Beau. To deal like a Friend, *Courtine*, I parted with him but just now, he's gone to contrive me a meeting if possible, this Night, with the Woman my Soul is most fond of: I was this Evening just entering upon the Palace of all joy, when I met with so damnable a disappointment— in short, that Plague to all Well-meaning Women, the Husband came unseasonably, and forc'd a poor Lover to his Heels, that was fairly making his progress another way, *Courtine*; the Story thou shalt hear more at large hereafter.

Court. A Plague on him, why did'st thou not murder the presumptuous Cuckold? Sawcy intruding Clown! To dare to disturb a Gentleman's Privacies, I would have beaten him into sense of his transgression, enjoy'd his Wife before his Face, and taught the Dog his Duty.

Beau. Look you, *Courtine*, you think you are dealing with the Landlord of your Winter-Quarters in *Alsatia* now? Friend, Friend, there is a difference between a free-born *English* Cuckold, and a sneaking Wital of a Conquer'd *Provence*.

Court. Oh, by all means! There ought to be a difference observed between your Arbitrary Whoring, and your Limited Fornication.

Beau. And but reason: For though we may make bold with another Man's Wife in a Friendly way; yet nothing upon Compulsion, dear Heart.

Court. And now, Sir *Jolly*, I hope, is to be the Instrument of some Immortal Plot; some Contrivance for the good of the Body, and the old fellow's Soul, *Beaugard*; for all Cuckolds go to Heaven, that's most certain.

Beau. Sir *Jolly*! Why, on my Conscience, he thinks it as much his undoubted Right to be Pimp-Master-General to *London* and *Middlesex*, as the Estate he possesses is: by my consent his Worship should e'en have a Patent for it.

Court.

Court. He is certainly the fittest for the Employment in Christendom he knows more Families by their Names and Titles, than all the Bell-men within and without the Walls.

Bean. Nay, he keeps a Catalogue of the choicest Beauties about Town, illustrated with a particular account of their Age, Shape, Proportion, colour of Hair and Eyes, degrees of Complexion, Gun-powder Spots and Moles.

Court. I wish the old Pander were bound to satisfy my experience; what marks of good Nature my *Sylvia* has about her. [*Enter Sir Jolly.*]

Sir Jolly. My Captains! My Sons of *Mars*, and Imps of *Venus*! Well encounter'd; what shall we have a sparkling Bottle or two, and use *Fortune* like a Jade? *Beaugard*, you are a Rogue, you are a Dog, I hate you; get you gone, go.

Bean. But *Sir Jolly*, what News from *Paradise*, *Sir Jolly*? Is there any hopes I shall come there to night?

Sir Jolly. May be there is, may be there is not; I say let us have a Bottle, and I will say nothing else without a Bottle: after a Glass or two my Heart may open.

Court. Why, then we will have a Bottle, *Sir Jolly*.

Sir Jolly. Will? We'll have dozens, and drink till we are Wise, and speak well of no body, 'till we are lewder than Mid-night Whores, and out-rail disbanded Officers.

Bean. Only one thing more, my Noble Knight, and then we are entirely at thy disposal.

Sir Jolly. Well, and what's that? What's the business?

Bean. This Friend of mine here, stands in need of thy Assistance, he's damnably in Love, *Sir Jolly*.

Sir Jolly. In Love; is he so! In Love! 'Ods my Life! Is she! What's her Name? Where does she live? I warrant you I know her; she's in my Table-Book I'll warrant you: Virgin, Wife, or Widow!

Pulls out a Table-book.

Court. In troth,* *Sir Jolly*, that's something a difficult question; but as Virgins go now, she may pass for one of them.

Sir Jolly. Virgin, very good: let me see; Virgin, Virgin, Virgin; Oh, here are the Virgins; truly, I meet with the fewest of this sort of any: Well, and the first Letter of her Name now! For a Wager I guess her.

Court. Then you must know, *Sir Jolly*, that I love my Love with an S.

Sir Jolly. S. S. S. O here are the Elles; let me consider now — *Sapbe.*

Court. No, Sir.

Sir Jolly. *Selinda.*

Court. Neither.

Sir Jolly. *Sophronia.*

Court. You must guess again, I assure you.

Sir

Sir Jolly. Silvia.

Court. Ay, ay, *Sir Jolly*, that's the fatal Name; *Silvia*, the Fair, the Witty, the Ill-natur'd, do you know her, my Friend?

Sir Jolly. Know her! Why she is my Daughter, and I have Adopted her these seven years: *Sylvia*, let me look; Light Brown Hair, her Face Oval and Roman, quick sparkling Eyes, plump pregnant Ruby Lips, with a Mole on her Breast, and the perfect likeness of a Heart-Cherry on her left Knee: Ah Villain! Ah Sly Cap! Have I caught you? Are you there, i'faith? Well, and what says she? Is she coming? Do her Eyes betray her? Does her Heart beat, and her Bubbies rise, when you talk to her, hah? —

Beau. Look you, *Sir Jolly*, all things consider'd, it may make a shift to come to a Marriage in time —

Sir Jolly. I'll have nothing to do in it; I won't be seen in the business of Matrimony; make me a Match-maker? A filthy Marriage-Broker; Sir I scorn, I know better things: look you, Friend; to carry her a Letter from you or so, upon good Terms, though it be in a Church I'll deliver it; or when the business is come to an issue, if I may bring you handsomely together, and so forth, I'll serve thee will all my Soul, and thank thee into the bargain; thank thee heartily, dear Rogue; I will you little Cock-Sparrow, faith and troth I will; but no Matrimony, Friend, I'll have nothing to do with Matrimony; 'tis a damn'd invention, worse than a Monopoly, and a destroyer of Civil Correspondence.

Enter Drawer.

Draw. Gentlemen, your room is ready, your Wine and Ice upon the Table, will your Honours please to walk in?

Sir Jolly. Ay, Wine, Wine, give us Wine: a Pox on Matrimony, Matrimony in the Devil's Name.

Court. But if an honest Harlot or two chance to enquire for us, Friend.

Sir Jolly. Right, Sirrah, if Whores come never so many, give 'em Reverence, and Reception, but nothing else, let nothing but Whores and Bottles come near us, as you tender your Ears.

[*They go within the Scene, where is discover'd Table and Bottles.*]

Beau. Why, there's, there's the Land of *Canaan* now in little, hark you Drawer, Dog, shut, shut the door, Sirrah, do you hear? Shut it so close that neither Cares nor Necessities may peep in upon us.

[*Enter Sir Davy, Fourbin and Bloody-Bones, Drawer.*]

Fourb. Bloody-Bones, be sure to behave your self handsomely, and like your Profession, shew your self a Cut-Throat of Parts, and we'll fleece him.

Bloody-

Blood. My Lady says, we must be expeditious ; Sir *Jolly* has given notice to the Captain by this time, so that nothing is wanting but the management of this over-grown Gull to make us Hectors at large, and keep the Whore-Fortune under.

Draw. Welcome, Gentlemen, very welcome, Sir ; will't please you to walk into a Room ? Or shalt I wait upon your Honours pleasure here ?

Sir Da. Sweet-heart let us be quiet, and bring us Wine hither :
So ————— [Sits down.]

From this moment, War, War ; and mortal dudgeon against that Enemy of my Honour, and Thief of my good Name, called *Beaugard*. You can cut a Throat upon occasion, you said, Friend ?

Fourb. Sir, cutting of Throats is my Hereditary Vocation ; my Father was hang'd for cutting of Throats before me, and my Mother for cutting of Purles.

Sir Da. No more to be said ; my Courage is mounted like a little French-man upon a great Horse, and I'll have him murder'd.

Fourb. Murder'd you say, Sir ?

Sir Da. Ay, Murder'd I say, Sir ; his Face flay'd off, and nail'd to a Post in my great Hall in the Country, amongst all the other Trophies of wild Beasts slain by our Family since the Conquest : There's never a Whore-Master's head there yet.

Fourb. Sir, for that let me recommend this worthy Friend of mine to your Service ; he's an industrious Gentleman, and one that will deserve your Favour.

Sir Da. He looks but something ruggedly though methinks.

Fourb. But, Sir, his Parts will atone for his Person ; Forms and Fashions are the least of his study : He affects a sort of Philosophical Negligence indeed ; but, Sir, make trial of him, and you'll find him a Person fit for the work of this World.

Sir Da. What Trade are you, Friend ?

Blood. No Trade at all, Friend ; I profess Murder : Rascally Butchers make a Trade on't ; 'tis a Gentleman's Divertisement.

Sir Da. Do you profess Murder ?

Blood. Yes, Sir, 'tis my Livelihood : I keep a Wife and six Children by it.

Sir Da. Then, Sir, here's to you with all my heart ; wou'd I had done with these Fellows.

Fourb. Well, Sir, if you have any Service for us, I desire we may receive your Gold and your Instructions so soon as is possible.

Sir Da. Soft and fair, Sweet-heart, I love to see a little how I lay out my Money : Have you very good trading now a-days in your way, Friend ?

Blood. In peaceable times a Man may eat and drink comfortably upon't : A private Murder done handsomely is worth Money ; but now that the Nation's unsettled, there are so many general Undertakers, that 'tis grown almost a Monopoly ; you may have a Man murder'd almost

The Soldier's Fortune.

or little or nothing, and no body e'er know who did it neither.

Sir Da. 'Pray', what Country-man are you? Where were you born, most Noble Sir?

Blood. Indeed my Country is Foreign, I was born in *Argier*; my Mother was an Apostate-Greek, my Father a Renegado English-man, who by oppressing of Christian Slaves grew rich; for which when he lay sick, I murder'd him one day in his Bed; made my escape to *Maltha*; where, imbracing the Faith, I had the Honour given me to command a Thousand Horse aboard the Gallies of that State.

Sir Da. Oh Lord, Sir! my humble Service to you again.

Fourb. He tells you, Sir, but the naked Truth.

Sir Joh. I doubt it not in the least, most worthy Sir. These are devilish Fellows I'll warrant 'em. [Aside.]

Fourb. War, Friend, and shining Honour has been our Province, till rusty Peace reduced us to this base obscurity; Ah, *Bloody Bones*! Ah, when thou and I commanded that Party at the Siege of *Philipsbourgh*! where in the Face of the Army we took the impenetrable Half-Moon.

Blood. Half-Moon, Sir! by your Favour 'twas a Whole Moon.

Fourb. Brother thou art in the right; 'twas a Full Moon, and such a Moon, Sir! ———

Sir Da. I doubt it not in the least, Gentlemen; but, in the mean while, to our business.

Fourb. With all my heart, so soon as you please.

Sir Da. Do you know this, *Beaugard*; he's a devilish Fellow I can tell you but that: He's a Captain.

Fourb. Has he a heart, think you, Sir?

Sir Da. Oh, like a Lion! he fears neither God, Man, nor Devil.

Blood. I'll bring it you for your Breakfast to-morrow: Did you never eat a Man's heart, Sir?

Sir Da. Eat a Man's heart, Friend!

Fourb. Ay, ay, a Man's heart, Sir; it makes absolutely the best Ragoust in the World: I have eaten forty of them in my time without Bread.

Sir Da. Oh Lord! a Man's heart! my humble Service to you both, Gentlemen.

Blood. Why, your *Agerine* Pirates eat nothing else at Sea, they have them always potted up like Venison; your well grown Dutchman's heart makes an excellent Dish with Oil and Pepper.

Sir Da. Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord! Friend, Friend, a word with you: How much must you and your Companion have to do this business?

Fourb. What, and bring you the heart home to your house?

Sir Da. No, no, keeping the heart for your own eating, I'll be rid of 'em as soon as possible I can.

Fourb. You say, Sir, he's a Gentleman? ———

Sir Da. Ay, such a sort of Gentlemen as are about this Town: The Fellow has a pretty handsome Outside; but I believe little, or no Money, in his Pockets.

Fourb.

Fourb. Therefore we are like to have the honour to receive the more from your Worship's bounty.

Blood. For my part I care for no Man's bounty: I expect to have my bargain perform'd, and I'll make as good a one as I can.

Sir Da. Look you, Friend, don't you be angry, Friend, don't be angry, Friend, before you have occasion: You say you'll have —— let's see how much will you have now —— I warrant the Devil and all by your good Will.

Fourb. Truly, *Sir David*, if as you say, the Man must be well murdered without any remorse for mercy, betwixt Turk and Jew, it is honestly worth Two hundred pounds.

Sir Da. Two hundred pounds! Why, I'll have a Physician shall kill a whole Family for half the money.

Blood. Damme, Sir, how do ye mean?

Sir Da. Damme, Sir, how do I mean? Damme, Sir, not to part with my money.

Blood. Not part, Brother!

Fourb. Brother the Wight is improvable, and this must be born withal.

Blood. Have I for this dissolv'd Circean Charms? broke Iron durance, whilst from these firm legs the well-fill'd useless Fetters dropp'd away, and left me Master of my native Freedom?

Sir Da. What does he mean now?

Fourb. Truly, Sir, I am sorry to see it, with all my heart; 'tis a distraction that frequently seizes him, though I am sorry it should happen so unluckily at this time.

Sir Da. Distracted, say you! is he so apt to be distracted?

Fourb. Oh, Sir, raging mad: We that live by Murder are all so; Guilt will never let us sleep. I beseech you, Sir, stand clear of him, he's apt to be very mischievous at these unfortunate hours.

Blood. Have I been drunk with tender Infants Blood, and ripp'd up teeming Wombs? Have these bold hands ranfack'd the Temples of the Gods, and stabb'd the Priests before their Altars? Have I done this? hah!

Sir Da. No, Sir, not that I know, Sir, I would not say any such thing for all the World, Sir: Worthy Gentleman, I beseech you, Sir, you seem to be a civil Person, I beseech you, Sir, to mitigate his Passion, I'll do any thing in the World; you shall command my whole Estate.

Fourb. Nay, after all, Sir, if you have not a mind to have him quite murder'd, if a swinging drubbing to bed-rid him, or so, will serve your turn, you may have it at a cheaper rate a great deal.

Sir Da. Truly, Sir, with all my heart; for methinks now I consider matters better, I wou'd not by any means be guilty of another Man's Blood.

Fourb. Why, then let me consider, —— to have him beaten substantially, a beating that will stick by him, will cost you —— half the money.

Sir *Dav.* What, One hundred pounds ! Sure the Devil's in you, or you would not be so unconscionable.

Blood. The Devil ! where ? where is the Devil ? Shew me ; I'll tell thee, *Beelzebub*, thou hast broke thy Covenant, didst thou not promise me eternal Plenty, when I resign'd my Soul to thy allurements ?

Sir *Da.* Ah, Lord !

Blood. Touch me not yet ; I've yet ten thousand Murders to act before I'm thine : With all those sins I'll come with full damnation to thy Caverns of endless Pain, and howl with thee forever.

Sir *Da.* Bless us ! what will become of this mortal Body of mine ? Where am I ? is this a House ? do I live ? am I Flesh and Blood ?

Blood. There, there's the Fiend again ! don't chatter so ; and grin at me ; if thou must needs have prey, take here, take him, this Tempter that would bribe me with shining Gold, to stain my hands with new iniquity.

Sir *Da.* Stand off, I charge thee, Satan, whoso'er thou art, thou hast no right nor claim to me, I'll have thee bound in Necromantick Charms. Hark you, Friend, has the Gentleman given his Soul to the Devil ?

Fourb. Only pawn'd it a little ; that's all.

Sir *Da.* Let me beseech you, Sir, to dispatch, and get rid of him as soon as you can. I would gladly drink a Bottle with you, Sir, but I hate the Devil's Company mortally : As for the hundred pound, here, here, it is ready ; no more words, I'll submit to your good Nature and Discretion.

Fourb. Then, Wretch, take this, and make thy Peace with the infernal King ; he loves Riches, sacrifice and be at rest.

Blood. 'Tis done, I'll follow thee, lead on ; nay, if thou smile, I more despise thee ; Fee, Fa, Fum.

Exit.

Fourb. 'Tis very odd this.

Sir *Da.* Very odd, indeed ; I'm glad he's gone though.

Fourb. Now, Sir, if you please, we'll refresh our selves with a cheerful Glass, and so *Chaque un chez lui*——— I would fain make the Gull drunk a little to put a little Mettle into him.

Sir *Da.* With all my heart, Sir ; but no more words of the Devil, if you love me.

Fourb. The Devil's an Ass, Sir, and here's a Health to all those that despise the Devil.

Sir *Da.* With all my heart, and all his Works too.

Fourb. Nay, Sir, you must do me right, I assure you.

Sir *Da.* Not so full, not so full, that's too much of all Conscience : In troth, Friend, these are sad times, very sad times ; but here's to you.

Fourb. 'Pox o' the Times, the Times are well enough, so long as a Man has money in his Pocket.

Sir *Da.* 'Tis true, here I have been bargaining with you about a Murder, but never consider that Idolatry is coming in full speed upon the Nation. Pray what Religion are you of, Friend ?

Fourb.

Fourb. What Religion am I of, Sir? Sir, your humble Servant.

Sir Da. Truly a good Conscience is a great happiness; and so I'll pledge you, hemph, hemph; but shaa't the Dog be murdered this night?

Fourb. My Brother Rogue is gone by this time to sett him, and the business shall be done effectually, I'll warrant you. Here's rest his soul.

Sir Da. With all my heart, Faith, I hate to be uncharitable.

Enter Courtine, and Drawer.

Cour. Look you, 'tis a very impudent thing not to be drunk by this time; shall Rogues stay in Taverns to sip Pints, and be sober, when honest Gentlemen are drunk by Gallons? I'll have none on't.

Sir Da. O Lord, who's there?

[Sirs up in his Chair.]

Draw. I beseech your Honour, our House will be utterly ruin'd by this means.

Cour. Damn your House, your Wife, and Children, and all your Family, you Dog!

Beau. Sir, who are you.

[To Sir David.]

Sir Da. Who am I, Sir? what's that to you Sir? Will you tickle my Foot, you Rogue?

Cour. I'll tickle your Guts, you Paultroon, presently.

Sir Da. Tickle my Guts, you Mad-cap! I'll tickle your Toby if you do.

Cour. What, with that circumcis'd Band? That grave hypocritical Beard, of the Reformation-Cut? Old Fellow, I believe you are a Rogue.

Sir Da. Sirrah you are a Whore, an errant Bitch-Whore, I'll use you like a Whore, I'll kiss you, you Jade, I'll ravish you, you Burtock, I am a Justice of the Peace, Sirrah, and that's worse.

Cour. Damn you, Sir, I care not if you were a Constable and all his Watch; what, such a Rogue as you send honest Fellows to Prison, and countenance Whores in your Jurisdiction for Bribery, you Mongrel, I'll beat you, Sirrah, I'll brain you, I'll murder you, you Moon-Calf.

[Throws the Chairs after him.]

Sir Da. Sir, Sir, Sir, Constable, Watch, stokes, stokes, stokes, Murder—

[Exit.]

Cour. Huzza, Beaugard!

[Enter Beaugard, Sir Jolly.]

Fourb. Well, Sir, the business is done, we have bargain'd to murder you.

Beau. Murder'd! who's to be murder'd, ha, *Fourbin*?

Sir Jol. You are to be murder'd, Friend, you shall be murder'd, Friend.

Beau. But how am I to be murder'd? Who's to murder me, I beseech you?

Four. Your humble Servant, *Fourbin*; I am the Man, with your Worship's leave. Sir David has given me this Gold to do it handsomely.

Beau.

Bean. Sir *David*! uncharitable Cur, what murder an honest Fellow for being civil to his Family: What can this mean, Gentlemen?

Sir Fol. No, 'tis not for being civil to his Family, that it means Gentlemen, therefore are you to be murder'd to Night, and buried a-bed with my Lady, you *Jack-Straw* you.

Bean. I understand you, Friends, the old Gentleman has design'd to have me butcher'd, and you have kindly contriv'd it to turn it to my advantage in the Affair of Love. I am to be murder'd but as it were, Gentlemen, hah!

Fourb. Your Honour has a piercing Judgment: Sir, Captain *Courtine's* gone.

Bean. No matter, let him go, he has a design to put in practice this Night too, and would perhaps but spoil ours; but when, Sir *Folly*, is this business to be brought about?

Sir Fol. Presently, 'tis more than time 'twere done already; go, get you gone, I say; hold, hold, let's see your left Ear first, hum——
ha——you are a Rogue, y'are a Rogue, get you gone, get you gone,
go [Exeunt.

SCENE changes to *Covent-Garden Piazza.*

Enter Sylvia and Maid in the Balcony.

Maid. But why, Madam, will you use him so inhumanely? I'm confident he loves you.

Sylv. Oh! a true Lover is to be found out like a true Saint by the Trial of his patience: have you the Cords ready?

Maid. Here they are, Madam.

Sylv. Let 'em down, and be sure when it comes to Trial; to pull lustily; is *Will* the Footman ready?

Will. At your Ladyship's command, Madam.

Sylv. I wonder he should stay so long, the Clock has struck twelve.

Enter Courtine.

Court. sings.

*And was she not frank and free,
And was she not kind to me,
To lock up her Cat in her Cupboard,
And give her Key to me, to me:
To lock up her Cat in her Cupboard,
And give her Key to me.*

Sylv. This must be he: Ay, 'tis he, and, as I am a Virgin, roaring drunk, but if I find not a way to make him sober—

Court. Here, here's the Window: Ay, that's Hell-door, and my damnation's in the inside: *Sylvia, Sylvia, Sylvia*: Dear Imp of Satan appear to thy Servant.

Sylv.

Syl. Who calls on *Sylvia* in this dead of night, when rest is wanting to her longing Eyes?

Cour. 'Tis a poor wretch can hardly stand upright, drunk with thy Loves, and if he falls he lies.

Syl. *Courtine*, is it you?

Court. Yes, Sweet-Heart, 'tis I; art thou ready for me?

Syl. Fasten your self to that Cord there; there, it is.

Court. Cord! Where? Oh, oh, here, here, so now to Heav'n in a string.

Syl. Have you done?

Court. Yes, I have done Child, and wou'd fain be doing too, Huffle.

Syl. Then pull away, ho! up, ho! up, ho! up, so, avast there, Sir.

Court. Madam,

Syl. Are you very much in Love, Sir?

Court. Oh damnably Child, damnably.

Syl. I'm sorry for't with all my Heart, good night Captain.

Court. Ha, gone! What left in *Erasmus's* Paradise between Heav'n and Hell? If the Constable should take me now for a stragling Monkey hung by the Loins, and hunt me with his cry of Watch-men! Ah! Woman, woman; well, a merry life, and a short, that's all.

Sings. *God prosper long our Noble King,
Our Lives and Safeties all.*

I am mighty Loyal to night.

Enter Fourbin and Bloody-bones, as from Sir David's House.

Fourb. Murder, Murder, Murder! Help, help, Murder!

Court. Nay if there be Murder stirring, 'tis high time to shift for myself. [Climbs up to the Balcony.]

Syl. (*Squeaking*) A h, h, h, h!

Blood. Yonder, yonder he comes, Murder, Murder, Murder! [Ex. Blood. and Fourbin.]

Enter Sir David.

Sir Da. 'Tis very late; but Murder is a Melancholy business, and Night is fit for't, I'll go home. [Knocks.]

Verm. Who's there?

Sir. Da. Who's there? Open the door you Whelp of *Babylon*.

Verm. Oh Sir! Y'are welcome home; but here is the saddest news! Here has been Murder committed, Sir.

Sir Da. Hold your Tongue you Fool, and go to sleep, get you in, do you hear, you talk of Murder you Rogue? You meddle with State-Affairs? Get you in.

The

The Scene opens the middle of the House, and discovers Sir Jolly and the Lady putting Beaugard in order as if he were dead.

Sir Jol. Lye still, lye still you Knave, close, close when I bid you, you had best quest, and spoil the sport, you had !

Beau. But 'pray' how long must I lye thus ?

Lady D. I'll warrant you'll think the time mighty tedious.

Beau. Sweet Creature, who can counterfeit Death when you are near him ?

Sir Jol. You shall, Sirrah, if a body desires you a little, so you shall, we shall spoil all else, all will be spoil'd else, Man if you do not : Stretch out longer, longer yet, as long as ever you can, so, so, hold your breath, hold your breath. very well.

[*Enter Maid.*

Maid. Madam, here comes Sir David.

Sir Jol. Odds so, now close again as I told you, close you Devil, now stir if you dare ; stir but any part about you if you dare now ; odd I'll hit you such a rap if you do, lye still, lye you still.

Enter Sir David.

Sir Da. My Dear, how dost thou do, my Dear ? I am come.

Lady D. Ah, Sir ! what is't y'ave done ? Y'ave ruin'd me, your Family, your Fortune, all is ruin'd, where shall we go, or whether shall we fly ?

Sir Da. Where shall we go, why, we'll go to Bed, you little Jackadandy, why, you are not a Wench, you Rogue, you are a Boy, a very Boy, and I love you the better for't, Sirrah, hei !——

Lady D. Ah, Sir, see there.

Sir Da. Bless us a Man ! and bloody ! what, upon my Hall-Table !

Lady D. Two Ruffians brought him in just now, pronouncing the inhumane Deed was done by your command : Sir Jolly came in the distracting minute, or sure I had dy'd with my distracting Fears, how could you think on a revenge so horrid ?

Sir Da. As I hope to be sav'd, Neighbour, I only bargain'd with 'em to bastinado him in a way, or so, as one Friend might do to another ; but do you say that he is dead ?

Sir Jol. Dead, dead as Clay ; stark stiff and useless all, nothing about him stirring, but all's cold and still ; I knew him a lusty fellow once, very mettled Fellow, 'tis a thousand pities.

Sir Da. What shall I do ? I'll throw my self upon him, kiss his wide wounds, and weep till blind as Buzzard.

Lady D. Oh, come not near him, there's such horrid Antipathy follows all Murders, his wounds would stream afresh should you but touch him.

Sir Da. Dear Neighbour, dearest Neighbour. Friend, Sir Jolly, as you love Charity, pity my wretched Case, and give me Counsel, I'll give my Wife and all my Estate to have him live again, or shall I bury him in the Arbour at the upper end of the Garden.

Sir

Sir *Jol.* Alas a-day Neighbour, never think on't, never think on't, the Dogs will find him there, as they scrape holes to bury bones in; there is but one way that I know of.

Sir *Da.* What is it dear, Neighbour, what is it? You see I am upon my knees to you, take all I have and ease me of my tears.

Sir *Jol.* Truly the best thing that I can think of, is putting of him to Bed, putting him into a warm Bed, and try to fetch him to life again, a warm Bed is the best thing in the World, my Lady may do much too, she's a good Woman, and I've been told, understands a green wound well.

Sir *Da.* My dear, my dear, my dear!

Lady *D.* Bear me away, Oh lend me hence afar off, where my unhappy name may be a stranger; and this sad accident no more remembered to my dishonour.

Sir *Da.* Ah, but my Love! My Joy! Are there no bowels in thee?

Lady *D.* What would you have me do?

Sir *Da.* Prithee do so much as try thy skill, there may be one drachm of life left in him yet, take him up to thy Chamber, put him into thy own Bed, and try what thou canst do with him; prithee do, if thou canst but find motion in him, all may be well yet, I'll go up to my Closet in the Garret, and say my Prayers in the mean while.

Lady *D.* Will ye then leave this ruine on my Hands?

Sir *Da.* Pray, Pray, my Dear; I beseech you Neighbour, help to persuade her if it be possible.

Sir *Jol.* Faith, Madam, do, try what you can do, I have a great fancy you may do him good: who can tell but you may have the gift of stroaking; pray Madam, be persuaded.

Lady *D.* I'll do whate'er's your pleasure.

Sir *Da.* That's my best Dear: I'll go to my Closet and Pray for thee heartily. Alas, alas, that ever this should happen——— [Exit.

Beau. So, is he gone, Madam, my Angel!

Sir *Jol.* What no thanks, no reward for old *Jolly* now? Come hither Huffle, you little Canary-Bird, you little Hop-o'-my-thumb, come hither: make me a Curt'sie, and give me a kiss now, hah! give me a kiss I say, odd I will have a kiss, so I will, I will have a kiss if I set on't; shoogh, shoogh, get you into a corner when I bid you, shoogh. Shoogh, shoogh, what there already?

[She goes to Beaugard,

Well, I ha'done, this 'tis to be an old Fellow now.

Beau. And will you save the life of him y'ave wounded?

Lady *D.* Dare you trust your self to my skill for a Cure?

[Sir Davy appears at a Window above.

Sir *Jol.* Hift! Hift! Close, close, I say again, yonder's Sir Davy, odds to!

Sir *Da.* My Dear, my Dear! my Dear!———

Lady *D.* Who's that calls? my Love, is't you?

Sir *Da.* Ah, some comfort, or my Heart's broke! Is there any hopes yet?

H

yet? I've try'd to say my Prayers, and cannot: if he be quite dead, I shall never Pray again; Neighbour, no hopes?

Sir *Jol.* Truly, little or none, some small Pulse I think there is left, very little, there's nothing to be done if you don't Pray, get you to Prayers whatever you do, get you gone; nay, don't stay now, shut the Window I tell you.

Sir *Da.* Well, this is a great trouble to me; but good night.

Sir *Jol.* Good night to you, dear Neighbour.

Get ye up, get ye up, and be gone into the [To Beaugard and Lady D. next Room, presently, make haste: but don't steal away till I come to you, be sure you remember, don't ye stir till I come; pish, none of this bowing and fooling, it but loses time, I'll only bolt the door that belongs to Sir *Davy's* Lodgings, that he may be safe, and be with you in a twinkle: Ah, h, h, h! So, now for the Door, very well, Friend, you are fast. [Bolts the Door.

Sings.

*Bonney Lass gan-thoo wert mine,
And twenty thousand poonds about thee, &c.*

ACT V.

Courtine bound on a Couch in Sylvia's Chamber.

Court. **H** Heigho! Heigho! Ha! Where am I? Was I drunk, or no, last night? Something leaning that way. But where the Devil am I? Sincerely in a Bawdy-house: Fogh! What a smell of sin is here! Let me look about, if there be ever a *Geneva* Bible or a *Practise of Piety* in the Room, I am sure I have guess'd right: What's the matter now! Ty'd fast! bound too! What tricks have I play'd to come into this condition! I have lighted into the Territories of some merrily dispos'd Chamber Maid or other; and she in a witty fit, forsooth, hath truss'd me up thus: has she pinn'd no Rags to my Tail, or chalkt me upon the back trow? Would I had her Mistress here at a venture.

Syl. What would you do with her, my Enchanted Knight, if you had her? You're too sober for her by this time, next time you get drunk, you may perhaps venture to scale her Balcony like a valiant Captain as you are.

Court. Hast thou done this, my dear Destruction? And am I in thy *Limbo*? I must confess, when I am in my Beer, my Courage does run away with me now and then: but let me loose, and thou shalt see what a gentle humble Animal thou hast made me. Fie upon't, what tie me up like an ungovernable Cur to the Frame of a Table! let, let thy poor Dog loose, that he may fawn and make much of thee a little.

Syl. What, with those Paws which you have been ferreting *Moor-fields*

fields withal, and are very dirty still; after you have been daggling your self abroad for prey, and can meet with none, you come sneaking hither for a Crust, do you?

Maid. Shall I fetch the Whip and the Bell, Madam, and lash him for his Roguery soundly?

Court. Indeed, indeed! Do you long to be ferking of Man's Flesh, Madam Flea-trap? Does the Chaplain of the Family use you to the Exercise, that you are so ready for it?

Sylv. If you should be let loose, and taken into favour now, you would be for rambling again so soon as you had got your liberty.

Court. Do but try me, and if ever I prove recreant more, let me be beaten and us'd like a Dog in good earnest.

Sylv. Promise to grant me but one request, and it shall be done.

Court. Hear me but swear.

Sylv. That any body may do ten thousand times a-day.

Court. Upon the word of a Gentleman, nay, as I hope to get Money in my Pocket.

Sylv. There I believe him, *Lelye*; you'll keep your Word you say?

Court. If I don't, hang me up in that Wenches old Garter.

Sylv. See, Sir, you have your freedom.

Court. Well, now name the price; what must I pay for't?

Sylv. You know, Sir, considering our small acquaintance, you have been pleas'd to talk to me very freely of Love-matters.

Court. I must confess I have been something to blame that way, but if ever thou hearest more of it from my Mouth after this nights adventure, would I were well out of the House.

Sylv. Have a care of swearing, I beseech you, for you must understand, that spight of my Teeth, I am at last fallen in Love most unmercifully.

Court. And dost thou imagine I am so hard-hearted a Villain as to have no compassion of thee

Syl. No, No, for I hope he's a Man you can have no exceptions against.

Court. Yes, yes, the Man is a Man, I'll assure you, that's one comfort.

Syl. Who do you think it may be now, try if you can guess him?

Court. Whoever he is, he's an honest fellow I'll warrant him, and I believe will not think himself very unhappy neither.

Syl. If a Fortune of 5000 Pounds, pleasant Nights, and quiet Days can make him happy, I assure you he may be so; but try once to guess at him.

Court. But if I should be mistaken.

Syl. Why, who is it you would wish me to?

Court. You have 5000 Pound you say.

Syl. Yes.

Court. Faith Child, to deal honestly, I know well enough who 'tis I wish

wish for, but Sweet-heart, before I tell you my Inclinations, it were but reasonable that I knew yours.

Syl. Well, Sir, because I am confident you will stand my Friend in the business, I'll make a discovery, and to hold you in suspense no longer, you must know I have a months mind for an Arm-full of your dearly beloved Friend and Brother Captain, what say you to't?

Cour. Madam, your humble Servant, good buy, that's all.

Syl. What thus cruelly leave a Lady that so kindly took you in, in your last nights pickle into her Lodging, whither would you rove now, my Wanderer?

Cour. Faith, Madam, you have dealt so gallantly in trusting me with your Passion, that I cannot stay here without telling you, that I am three times as much in love with an acquaintance of yours, as you can be with any Friend of mine.

Syl. Not with my Waiting-Woman, I hope, Sir.

Cour. No, but it is with a certain Kinswoman of thine, Child, they call her my Lady *Dunce*, and I think this is her House too, they say she will be civil upon a good occasion, therefore prithee be charitable, and shew the way to her Chamber a little.

Syl. What commit Adultery, Captain, sie upon't! What hazzard your Soul?

Cour. No, no, only venture my Body a little, that's all; look you, you know the secret, and may imagine my desires, therefore as you would have me assist your inclinations, pray be civil and help me to mine, look you, no demurring upon the matter, no qualm, but shew me the way, or you, Hussy, you shall do't, any Bawd will serve at present, for I will go.

Syl. But you shan't go, Sir.

Cour. Shan't go, Lady?

Syl. No, shan't go, Sir; did I not tell you, when once you had got your Liberty, that you would be rambling again.

Cour. Why, Child, would'st thou be so uncharitable to tie up a poor Jade to an empty Rack in thy Stable, when he knows where to go else-where, and get Provender enough?

Syl. Any musty Provender, I find, will serve your turn, so you have it but cheap, or at another Man's charges.

Cour. No, Child; I had rather my Ox should graze in a Field of my own, than live hide bound upon the Common, or run the hazzard of being Pounded every day for Trespasses.

Syl. Truly, all things considered, 'tis a great pity so good a Husband-man as you, should want a Farm to cultivate.

Cour. Would'st thou be but kind, and let me have a Bargain in a Tenement of thine, to try how it would agree with me.

Syl. And would you be contented to take a Lease for your Life?

Cour. pretty a Lady of the Mannor, and a moderate Rent?

Syl. Which you'll be sure to pay very punctually.

Cour. If thou doubt'st my honesty, faith en take a little earnest before hand.

Syl.

Syl. Not so hasty neither, good Tenant; *Imprimis*, You shall oblige your self to a constant residence, and not by leaving the House uninhabited, let it run to repairs.

Cour. Agreed.

Syl. Item, For your own sake you shall promise to keep the Estate well fenced, and inclosed, lest sometime or other your Neighbours Cattle break in and spoil the Crop on the Ground, Friend.

Cour. Very just and reasonable, provided I don't find it lie too much too Common already.

Syl. Item, You shall enter into strict Covenant, not to take any other Farm upon your hands, without my consent and approbation, or if you do, that then it shall be lawful for me to get me another Tenant, how and where I think fit.

Cour. Faith, that's something hard though, let me tell you but that, Landlady.

Syl. Upon these terms, we'll draw Articles.

Cour. And when shall we sign 'em?

Syl. Why, this morning, as soon as the Ten-a-Clock Office in Covent-Garden is open.

Cour. A Bargain; but how will you answer your Entertainment of a drunken Red-coat in your Lodgings at these unreasonable hours?

Syl. That's a secret you will be hereafter obliged to keep for your own sake, and for the Family; your Friend *Beaugard* shall answer for us there.

Cour. Indeed I fancy'd the Rogue had mischief in his head, he behaved himself so soberly last night, has he taken a Farm lately too?

Syl. A Trespasser, I believe, if the truth were known, upon the Provender you would fain have been biting at just now.

Enter Maid.

Maid. Madam, Madam, have a care of your self; I see Lights in the great Hall; whatever is the Matter, Sir *Davy* and all the Family are up.

Cour. I hope they'll come, and catch me here: Well now you have brought me into this condition, what will you do with me, hah!

Syl. You won't be contented for a while to be ty'd up like a Jade to an empty Rack without Hay, will you?

Cour. Faith, e'en take me, and put thy mark upon me quickly, that if I light in strange hands they may know me for a Sheep of thine.

Syl. What, by your wanting a Fleece do you mean? If it must be so, come follow your Shepherds, B a a a.

Enter Sir Davy and Vermin.

Sir Da. I cannot sleep, I shall never sleep again, I have pray'd too so long, that were I to be hang'd presently, I have never a Prayer left

left to help my self, I was no sooner lain down upon the Bed just now, and fal'n into a slumber, but methought the Devil was carrying me down *Ludgate-hill* a Gallop, six puny Fiends with flaming Fire-forks running before him like Link boys, to throw me head-long in *Fleet-ditch*, which seemed to be turned into a lake of Fire and Brimstone; would it were Morning.

Verm. Truly, Sir, it has been a very dismal night.

Sir Da. But didst thou meet never a white thing upon the Stairs?

Verm. No, Sir, not I; but methoughts I saw our great Dog *Touzer*, with his great Collar on, stand at the Cellar-door as I came along the old Entry.

Sir Da. It could never be, *Touzer* has a Chain; had this thing a Chain on?

Verm. No Sir, no Chain; but it had *Touzer's* Eyes for all the World.

Sir Da. What, ugly great frightful Eyes?

Verm. Ay, ay, huge saucer Eyes, but mightily like *Touzer's*.

Sir Dav. Oh Lord! Oh Lord! Heark! Heark!

Verm. What! What I beseech you, Sir?

Sir Dav. What's that upon the Stairs? Didst thou hear nothing? Hift, heark, pat, pat, pat, keark, heh!

Verm. Hear nothing! Where, Sir?

Sir Dav. Look! Look! What's that! What's that! In the corner there?

Verm. Where?

Sir Dav. There.

Verm. What upon the Iron Chest?

Sir Dav. No, the long black thing up by the old Clock-Case, See! See! Now it stirs, and is coming this way.

Verm. Alas, Sir, speak to it, you are a Justice o'Peace, I beseech you, I dare not stay in the House: I'll call the Watch, and tell 'em Hell's broke loose, what shall I do? Oh!

[Exit.]

Sir Dav. Oh *Verm*, if thou art a true Servant, have pity on thy Master, and do not forsake me in this distressed condition. Satan be gone, I defie thee, I'll repent and be sav'd, I'll say my Prayers, I'll go to Church; help! Help! Help! Was there any thing, or no? In what hole shall I hide my self?

[Exit.]

Enter Sir Jolly, Fourbin, and Bloody-Bones.

Sir Jolly. That shoud be *Sir Davy's* Voice, the Waiting Woman indeed told me, he was afraid and could not sleep, pretty fellows, pretty fellows both, y'have done your business handsomly, what, I'll warrant you, have been a Whoring together now; ha! You do well, you do well, I like you the better for't: what's a Clock?

Fourb. Near four, Sir, 'twill not be day yet these two hours.

Sir Jolly. Very well, but how got you into the House?

Fourb.

Fourb. A ragged retainer of the Family, *Vermin* I think they call him, let us in as Physicians sent for by your Order.

Sir Jolly. Excellent Rogues! And then I hope all things are ready as I gave Directions?

Fourb. To a tittle, Sir, there shall not be a more critical Observer of your Worship's Pleasure than your humble Servant the Chevalier *Fourbin*.

Sir Jolly. Get you gone you Rogue, you have a sharp Nose, and are a nimble fellow, I have no more to say to you, stand aside, and be ready when I call, here he comes; hift, hem, hem, hem.

Enter Sir Davy.

Sir Da. Hah! What art thou? Approach thou like the rugged *Bank-side Bear*, the *East-cheap-Bull*, or *Monster* shewn in Fair, take any shape but that, and I'll confront thee.

Sir Jolly. Alas unhappy Man! I am thy Friend.

Sir Da. Thou can't not be my Friend, for I despise thee. *Sir Jolly!* Neighbour! Hah! Is it you? Are you sure it is you? Are you your self? If you be, give me your Hand. Alas a day, I ha' seen the Devil.

Sir Jolly. The Devil, Neighbour!

Sir Da. Ay, ay, there's no help for't, at first I fancy'd it was a young white Bears Cub dancing in the shadow of my Candle, then it was turn'd to a pair of Blew Breeches with wooden-Legs on, stamp'd about the Room, as if all the Cripples in Town had kept their Rendezvous there, when all of a sudden it appeared like a leathern Serpent, and with a dreadful clap of Thunder flew out of the Window.

Sir Jolly. Thunder! Why I heard no Thunder.

Sir Da. That may be too, what were you asleep?

Sir Joll. Asleep, quotha, no, no, no sleeping this night for me I assure you.

Sir Da. Well, what is the best news then? How does the Man?

Sir Joll. E'en as he did before he was born, nothing at all, he's Dead.

Sir Da. Dead! What quite Dead!

Sir Joll. As good as dead, if not quite dead, 'twas a horrid Murder, and then the terror of Conscience, Neighbour.

Sir Da. And truly I have a very terrify'd one, Friend, though I never found I had any Conscience at all till now. Pray whereabouts was his death's wound?

Sir Jol. Just here, just under his left Pap, a dreadful gash.

Sir Da. So very wide?

Sir Jol. Oh, as wide as my Hat, you might have seen his Lungs, Liver, and Heart, as perfectly, as if you had been in his Belly.

Sir Da. Is there no way to have him privately buried, and conceal this Murder? Must I needs be hang'd by the Neck like a Dog, Neighbour? Do I look as if I would hang'd?

Sir

Sir Jol. Truly, Sir Davy, I must deal faithfully with you, you do look a little suspiciously at present; but have you seen the Devil, say you?

Sir Da. Ay, surely it was the Devil; nothing else could have frightened me so.

Sir Jol. Bless us, and guard us all the Angels, what's that?

Sir Da. *Potestati sempiterna cujus benedictio et cuius misericordia. S* and muttering as if he pray'd.

Sir Jol. Neighbour, where are your Friends? Sir Davy.

Sir Da. Ah, whatever you do, be sure to stand close to me, where, where is it?

Sir Jol. Just, just there, in the shape of a Coach and six Horses against the Wall.

Sir Da. Deliver us all, he won't carry me away in that Coach and six, will he?

Sir Jol. Do you see in the wall?

Sir Da. See it! Plain, plain, dear friend advise me what I shall do?

Sir Jol. Sir Jolly, do you hear nothing? Sir Jolly, Hah! has he left me alone! *Vermin.*

Sir Da. Am I alive? dost thou know me again? Am I thy Quondam

Master, Sir Davy Dunce?

Vermin. I hope I shall never forget you, Sir.

Sir Da. Didst thou see nothing?

Vermin. Yes, Sir, methought the House was all on fire as it were.

Sir Da. Didst thou not see how the Devils grin'd and gnash'd their teeth at me, *Vermin.*

Vermin. Alas, Sir, I was afraid one of 'em would have bit off my Nose, as he vanish'd out of the door.

Sir Da. Lead me away, I'll go to my Wife, I'll die by my own dear Wife; run away to the Temple, and call Counsellor my Lawyer, I'll make over my Estate presently, I shan't live till Noon; I'll give all I have to my Wife, Hah, *Vermin!*

Vermin. Truly, Sir, she's a very good Lady.

Sir Da. Ah much, much too good for me, *Vermin*, thou canst not imagine what she has done for me, Mah, she would break her heart if I should give any thing away from her, she loves me so dearly. Yet if I do die, thou shalt have all my old shoes.

Vermin. I hope to see you live many a fair day yet though.

Sir Da. Ah, my Wife, my poor Wife, lead me to my poor Wife.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE draws and discovers Sir Jolly, Beaugard, and Lady in her

Chamber.

Lady D. What think you now of a cold wet March over the Mountains, your Men tir'd, your Baggage not come up, but at night a dirty

dirty watry Plain to Encamp upon, and nothing to shelter you, but an old Leager Cloak as tatter'd as your Colours? Is not this much better now, than lying wet and getting the Sciattica?

Beau. The hopes of this made all Fatigue easie to me; the thoughts of *Clarinda*, have a thousand times refresh't me in my Solitude, when'er I Marcht, I fancy'd still, it was to my *Clarinda*! When I fought, I imagin'd it was for my *Clarinda*; but when I came home, and found *Clarinda* lost! ——— How could you think of wasting but a night in the rank surfeiting Arms of this foul feeding Monster; this rotten Trunk of a Man, that lays claim to you.

Lady D. The Persuasion of Friends, and the Authority of Parents!

Beau. And had you no more Grace, than to be rul'd by a Father and Mother?

Lady D. When you were gone, that should have given me better Counsel, how could I help my self?

Beau. Methinks, then, you might have found out some cleaner shift to have thrown away your self upon, than nauseous Old Age, and unwholesome Deformity.

Lady D. What upon some over-grown full-fed Country Fool, with a Horse Face, a great ugly Head, and a great fine Estate, one that should have been drain'd and squeez'd, and jolted up and down the Town in Hacknies with Cheats and Hectors, and so sent home at three o'Clock every Morning, like a lolling Booby, stinking, with a Belly full of stumm'd Wine, and nothing in's Pockets.

Beau. You might have made a tractable Beast of such a one, he would have been young enough for Training.

Lady D. Is Youth then so gentle, if Age be stubborn? Young Men like Springs wrought by a subtle Work-man, easily ply to what their wishes press 'em; but the desire once gone that kept 'em down, they soon start strait again, and no sign's left whichway they bent before.

Sir Jolly at the Door peeping.

Sir Jolly. So, so, who says I see any thing now? I see nothing, not I; I don't see, I don't see, I don't look, not so much as look, not I.

[*Enters.*

Enter Sir Davy.

Sir Da. I will have my Wife, carry me to my Wife, let me go to my Wife, I'll live and die with my Wife, let the Devil do his worst; Ah, my Wife, my Wife, my Wife! ———

Lady D. Alas! Alas! We are ruin'd! Shift for your self; counterfeited the dead Corps once more, or any thing.

Sir Da. Hah! Whosoe'er thou art, thou can'st not eat me; speak to me, who has done this? Thou can'st not say I did it.

Sir Jol. Did it, did what? Here's no body says you did any thing that

I

I

I know Neighbour, what's the matter with you? What ails you? Whither do you go? Whither do you run? I tell you here's no Body says a word to you.

Sir *Da.* Did you not see the Ghost just now?

Sir *Jol.* Ghost! Prithee now, here's no Ghost, whither would you go? I tell you, you shall not stir one foot farther Man, the Devil take me if you do; Ghost, prithee here's no Ghost at all, a little Flesh and Blood indeed there is, some old, some young, some alive, some dead, and so forth, but Ghost! Pish, here's no Ghost.

Sir *Da.* But, Sir, if I say I did see a Ghost, I did see a Ghost; and you go to that, why sure I know a Ghost when I see one: Ah my Dear, if thou had'st but seen the Devil half so often as I have seen him.

Lady *D.* Alas, Sir *Davy*! If you ever lov'd me, come not, Oh come not near me, I have resolv'd to waste the short remainder of my Life in Penitence, and taste of Joys no more.

Sir *Da.* Alas, my poor Child, but do you think then, there was no Ghost indeed?

Sir *Jol.* Ghost! Alas-a-day, what should a Ghost do here?

Sir *Da.* And is the Man dead?

Sir *Jol.* Dead! Ay, ay, stark dead, he's stiff by this time.

Lady *D.* Here you may see the horrid ghastly Spectacle, the sad effects of my too rigid Vertue, and your too fierce Repentment——

Sir *Jol.* Do you see there?

Sir *Da.* Ay, ay, I do see, would I had never seen him, would he had lain with my Wife in every House between *Charing-Cross* and *Ald-Gate*, so this had never happen'd.

Sir *Jol.* In troth, and would he had, but we are all Mortal, Neighbour, all Mortal; to day we are here, to morrow gone, like the shadow that vanisheth, like the Grass that withereth, or like the Flower that fadeth; or indeed, like any thing, or rather like nothing: But we are all Mortal.

Sir *Da.* Heigh!——

Lady *D.* Down, down that Trap-door, it goes into a Bathing-Room, for the rest, leave it to my Conduct.

Sir *Jol.* 'Tis very unfortunate, that you should run your self into this Premunier, Sir *David*.

Sir *Da.* Indeed, and so it is.

Sir *Jol.* For a Gentleman, a Man in Authority, a Person in years, one that used to go to Church with his Neighbours.

Sir *Da.* Every *Sunday*, truly, Sir *Jolly*.

Sir *Jol.* Pay Scot and Lot to the Parish.

Sir *Da.* Six Pounds a year to the very Poor, without abatement or deduction; 'tis very hard, if so good a Commonwealths Man should be brought to ride in a Cart at last, and be hang'd in a Sun-shiny Morning, to make Butchers and Suburb-Apprentices a Holy-day; I'll e'en run away.

Sir *Jol.* Run away! Why then, your Estate will be forfeited; you'll lose your Estate, Man!

Sir

Sir *Da.* Truly, you say right, Friend; and a Man had better be half hang'd, than lose his Estate, you know.

Sir *Jol.* Hang'd! No, no, I think there's no great fear of hanging neither; what, the Fellow was but a sort of an unaccountable Fellow, as I heard you say.

Sir *Da.* Ay, ay, a Pox on him, he was a Solderly sort of a Vagabond, he had little or nothing but his sins to live upon: If I could have had but Patience, he would have been hang'd within these two Months, and all this mischief sav'd.

Beaugard rises up like a Ghost at a Trap-door, just before Sir Davy.

Sir *Da.* Ah Lord! The Devil, the Devil, the Devil!

Sir *Jol.* Why, Sir *Davy*, Sir *Davy*, what ails you? What's the matter with you? *[Falls upon his Face.]*

Sir *Da.* Let me alone, let me lie still; I will not look up to see an Angel: Oh, h, h.

Lady *D.* My Dear, why do you do these cruel things to affright me? Pray rise and speak to me.

Sir *Da.* I dare not stir, I saw the Ghost again just now.

Lady *D.* Ghost again! What Ghost? Where?

Sir *Da.* Why, there! There!

Sir *Jol.* Here has been no Ghost.

Sir *Da.* Why, did you see nothing then?

Lady *D.* See nothing! No, nothing but one another.

Sir *Da.* Then I am Enchanted, or my end near at hand, Neighbour; for Heav'n's sake, Neighbour, advise me what I shall do to be at rest?

Sir *Jol.* Do! Why, what think you if the Body were removed?

Sir *Da.* Remov'd! I'd give a hundred pound the Body were out o' my House; may be then the Devil wou'd not be so impudent.

Sir *Jol.* I have discover'd a Door-place in the Wall betwixt my Ladies Chamber, and one that belongs to me, if you think fit, we'll beat it down, and remove this troublesome lump of Earth to my House.

Sir *Da.* But will ye be so kind?

Sir *Jol.* If you think it may by any means be serviceable to you.

Sir *Da.* Truly, if the Body were remov'd, and dispos'd of privately, that no more might be heard of the matter—— I hope he'll be as good as his word.

Sir *Jol.* Fear nothing, I'll warrant you, but in troth, I had utterly forgot one thing, utterly forgot it.

Sir *Da.* What's that?

Sir *Jol.* Why, it will be absolutely necessary, that my Lady staid with me at my House for one day; till things were better settled.

Sir *Da.* Ah, Sir *Jolly*! Whatever you think fit; any thing of mine that you have a mind to; pray take her, pray take her, you shall be very welcome; hear you, my Dearest, there is but one way for us to get rid of this untoward business, and Sir *Jolly* has found it out; therefore by all means go along with him, and be rul'd by him; and whatever Sir *Jolly* would have thee do, e'en do it, so Heav'n prosper ye, good b'w'y, good b'w'y, till I see you again. [Exit.

Sir *Jol.* This is certainly, the civilest Cuckold in City, Town, or Country.

Beau. Is he gone?

[Steps out.

Lady *D.* Yes, and has left poor me here.

Beaug. In troth, Madam, 'tis barbarously done of him, to commit a horrid murder on the Body of an Innocent poor Fellow, and then leave you to stem the danger of it.

Sir *Jol.* Odd, an I were as thee, Sweet-Heart, I'd be reveng'd on him for it, so I would: Go get you together, steal out of the House as softly as you can, I'll meet ye in the *Piazza* presently; go, be sure you steal out of the House, and don't let Sir *Davy* see you.

The Scene shuts, and Sir Jolly comes forward.

Enter Bloody-bones.

Bloody bones.

Blood. I am here, Sir.

Sir *Jol.* Go you and *Fourbin* to my House presently, bid Monsieur *Fourbin* remember that all things be order'd according to my directions, tell my Maids too, I am coming home in a trice, bid 'em get the great Chamber, and the Banquet I spoke for, ready presently, and d'ye hear, carry the Minstrels with ye too, for I'm resolv'd to joyce this Morning, let me see—— Sir *Davy*.

Enter Sir Davy.

Sir *Da.* Ay, Neighbour, 'tis I; is the business done? I cannot be fatisfy'd till I am sure, have you remov'd the Body? Is it gone?

Sir *Jol.* Yes, yes, my Servants convey'd it out of the House just now; well, Sir *Davy*, a good morning to you: I wish you your health with all my Heart, Sir *Davy*; the first thing you do though, I'd have you say your Prayers by all means, if you can.

Sir *Da.* If I can possibly, I will.

Sir *Jol.* Well, God b'w'y.

[Exit Sir Jolly.

Sir *Da.* God b'w'y heartily, good Neighbour—— *Vermin,*

Enter

Enter Vermin.

Vermin. Did your Honour call?

Sir Da. Go run, run presently over the Square, and call the Constable presently, tell him here's Murder committed, and that I must speak with him instantly ——— I'll e'en carry him to my Neighbours, that he may find the dead body there, and so let my Neighbour be very fairly hang'd in my stead, hah! a very good jest as I hope to live, ha, ha, ha; hey, what's that?

Watchmen at the door. } Almost Four-a-Clock, and a dark cloudy morning, good morrow my Masters all, good morrow.

Enter Constable, and Watch.

Const. How's this! a door open, come in, Gentlemen, ——— ah, *Sir Davy*, your Honour's humble servant! I and my Watch going my morning Rounds, and finding you door open, made bold to enter to see there were no danger, your Worship will excuse our care, a good morning to you, Sir.

Sir Da. Oh, Mr. Constable, I'm glad you're here, I sent my Man just now to call you, I have sad news to tell you, Mr. Constable.

Const. I am sorry for that, Sir, sad News!

Sir Da. Oh, ay, sad News, very sad News truly: Here has been Murder committed.

Const. Murder! if that's all, we are your humble servants, Sir, we'll bid you good morrow, Murder's nothing at this time o'night in *Covent-Garden*.

Sir Da. Oh, but this is a horrid bloody Murder, done under my nose, I cannot but take notice of it; though I am sorry to tell you the Authors of it, very sorry truly.

Const. Was it committed here near hand?

Sir Da. Oh, at the very next door, a sad Murder indeed; after they had done they carried the body privately into my Neighbour *Jolly's* House here, I am sorry to tell it you, Mr. Constable, for I am afraid it will look but scurvily on his side; though I am a Justice o'Peace, Gentlemen, and am bound by my Oath to take notice of it, I can't help it.

1. Watch. I never lik'd that Sir *Jolly*.

Const. He threatned me t'other day, for carrying a little dirty draggle-tail'd Whore to *Bridewell*, and said she was his Cousin, Sir; if your Worship thinks fit, we'll go search his House.

Sir Da. Oh, by all means, Gentlemen, it must be so, Justice must have its course, the Kings liege Subjects must not be destroy'd, *Vermin*, carry Mr. Constable and his Dragons into the Cellar, and make 'em drink, I'll but step into my Study, put on my face of Authority, and call upon ye instantly.

All

All Watchmen: We thank your Honour.

Scene changes to Sir Jolly's. A Banquet.

Enter Sir Jolly, Beaugard, and Lady Dunc.

Sir Jol. So, are ye come? I am glad on't, odd y'are welcome, very welcome, odd ye are, here's a small Banquet, but I hope 'twill please you, sit ye down, sit ye down, both together, nay, both together: A Pox o' him that parts ye, I say.

Beau. *Sir Jolly*, this might be an Entertainment for *Anthony* and *Cleopatra*, were they living.

Sir Jol. Pish! a-Pox of *Anthony* and *Cleopatra*, they are dead and rotten long ago, come, come, time's but short, time's but short, and must be made the best use of; for

*Youth's a Flower that soon does fade,
And Life is but a Span,
Man was for the Woman made,
And Woman made for Man.*

Why now we can be bold, and make merry, and frisk, and be brisk, rejoice, and make a noise, and—— odd, I am pleas'd, mightily pleas'd, odd I am.

Lady D. Really, *Sir Jolly*, you are more a Philosopher than I thought you were.

Sir Jol. Philosopher, Madam! Yes, Madam, I have read Books in my time; odd, *Aristotle*, in some things, had very pretty Notions, he was an understanding Fellow. Why don't ye eat, odd an' ye don't eat--- here, Child, here's some Ringoes, help, help your Neighbour a little, odd they are very good, very comfortable, very cordial.

Beau. *Sir Jolly*, your Health.

Sir Jol. With all my heart, old Boy.

Lady D. Dear *Sir Jolly* what are these? I never tasted of these before.

Sir Jol. That! eat it, eat it, eat it when I bid you; odd, 'tis the Root Satyrion, a very precious Plant, I gather 'em every *May* my self, odd, they'll make an old Fellow of sixty-five, cut a Caper like a Dancing-Master; give me some Wine: Madam, here's a health, here's a health, Madam, here's a health to honest *Sir Davy*, faith and troth, ha, ha, ha. [Dance.]

Enter Bloody-bones.

Blood. Sir, Sir, Sir! What will you do? Yonder's the Constable and all his Watch at the door, and threatens demolishment, if not admitted presently.

Sir

Sir Jol. Ods so! Odds so! The Constable and his Watch! What's to be done now? Get ye both into the Alcove there, get ye gone quickly, quickly; no noise, no noise; d'ye hear the Constable and his Watch! A Pox on the Constable and his Watch; what the Devil have the Constable and his Watch to do here?

*Enter Constable, Watch, and Sir Davy. Scene shuts.
Sir Jolly comes forward.*

Const. This way, this way, Gentlemen, stay one of ye at the Door, and let no body pass, do you hear? *Sir Jolly*, your Servant.

Sir Jol. What this outrage, this disturbance committed upon my House and Family; Sir, Sir, Sir! What do you mean by these doings, sweet Sir? Hoh! ———

Const. Sir, having received Information, that the Body of a murder'd Man is conceal'd in your House, I am come, according to my Duty, to make search, and discover the truth, ——— stand to my assistance, Gentlemen.

Sir Jol. A murder'd Man, Sir!

Sir Da. Yes, a murder'd Man, Sir; *Sir Jolly*, *Sir Jolly*, I am sorry to see a Person of your Character and Figure in the Parish, concern'd in murder, I say.

Sir Jol. Here's a Dog! Here's a Rogue for you! Here's a Villain! Here's a Cuckoldly Son of his Mother! I never knew a Cuckold in my life, that was not a false Rogue in his Heart; there are no honest Fellows living, but Whore-Masters: Hark you, Sir; what a Pox do you mean? You had best play the Fool, and spoil all, you had; what's all this for?

Sir Da. When your Worship's come to be hang'd, you'll find the meaning on't, Sir. I say once more, search the House.

Const. It shall be done, Sir; come-a-long, Friends.

[Exit Constable and Watch.]

Sir Jol. Search my House! O Lord! Search my House! What will become of me? I shall lose my Reputation with Man and Woman, and no body will ever trust me again: O Lord! Search my House! All will be discover'd do what I can; I'll sing a Song like a dying Swan, and try to give 'em warning.

*Go from the Window, my Love, my Love, my Love,
Go from the Window, my Dear;
The Wind and the Rain,
Has brought 'em back again,
And thou canst have no Lodging here.*

O Lord! Search my House!

Sir Da. Break down that Door, I'll have that Door broke open: break down that Door, I say.

[Knocking within.]

Sir

Sir *Jol.* Very well done, break down my doors! break down my Walls, Gentlemen! plunder my House! ravish my Maids! Ah, curst be Cuckolds, Cuckolds, Constables and Cuckolds.

Scene draws, and discovers Beaugard and Lady Dunce.

Bean. Stand off, by Heav'n the first that comes here comes upon his death.

Sir *Da.* Sir, your humble Servant, I am glad to see you are alive again with all my heart; Gentlemen, here's no harm done, Gentlemen, here's no body murder'd, Gentlemen, the Man's alive again, Gentlemen, but here's my Wife, Gentlemen, and a fine Gentleman with her, Gentlemen, and Mr. Constable, I hope you'll bear me witness, Mr. Constable.

Sir *Jol.* That he's a Cuckold, Mr. Constable. [*Aside.*]

Bean. Heark ye, ye Curs, keep off from snapping at my heels, or I shall so feage ye.

Sir *Jol.* Get ye gone, ye Dogs, ye Rogues, ye Night-Toads of the Parish-Dungeon, disturb my House at these unseasonable hours, get ye out of my doors, get ye gone, or I'll brain ye, Dogs, Rogues, Villains. [*Exeunt Constable and Watch.*]

Bean. And next for you, Sir Coxcomb, you see I am not murder'd though you paid well for the performance; what think you of bribing my own Man to butcher me.

Enter Fourbin and Bloody-bones.

Look ye, Sir, he can cut a Throat upon occasion, and here's another dresses a Man's heart with Oil and Pepper, better than any Cook in *Christendom*.

Fourb. Will your Worship please to have one for your Breakfast this morning?

Sir *Da.* With all my heart, Sweet-heart, any thing in the World, faith and troth, ha, ha, ha, this is the purest sport, ha, ha, ha.

Enter Vermin.

Verm. Oh, Sir, the most unhappy and most unfortunate News! There has been a Gentleman in Madam *Sylvia's* Chamber all this night, who just as you went out of doors, carry'd her away, and whither they are gone, no body knows.

Sir *Da.* With all my heart, I am glad on't, Child, I would not care if he had carry'd away my House and all, Man; unhappy News quotha! poor Fool, he does not know I am a Cuckold, and that any body may make bold with what belongs to me, ha, ha, ha; I am so pleas'd, ha, ha, ha, I think I was never so pleas'd in all my life before, ha, ha, ha.

Bean.

Beaug. Nay, Sir, I have a hank upon you, there are Laws for Cut-throats, Sir, and as you tender your future credit, take this wrong'd Lady home, and use her handfomly, use her like my Mistress, Sir, do you mark me, that when we think fit to meet again, I hear no complaint of you, this must be done Friend.

Sir Fol. In troth, and it is but reasonable, very reasonable in troth.

Lady D. Can you, my Dear, forgive me one misfortune?

Sir Da. Madam, in one word, I am thy Ladyships most humble Servant and Cuckold, *Sir Davy Dance* Kt. Living in *Covent-Garden*, ha, ha, ha, well this is mighty pretty, ha, ha, ha.

Enter Sylvia followed by Courtine.

Silv. Sir *Folly*, ah Sir *Folly*, protect me or I'm ruin'd.

Sir Fol. My little *Minikin*, is it thy squeek?

Beaug. My dear *Courtine*, welcome.

Sir Fol. Well Child, and what would that wicked fellow do to thee Child? hah Child, Child, what would he do to thee?

Silv. Oh, Sir, he has most inhumanely seduc'd me out of my Uncle's House, and threatens to marry me.

Court. Nay, Sir, and she having no more grace before her eyes neither, has e'en taken me at my word.

Sir Fol. In troth, and that's very uncivilly done: I don't like these Marriages, I'll have no Marriages in my house, and there's an end on't.

Sir Da. And do you intend to marry my Niece, Friend?

Court. Yes, Sir, and never ask your consent neither.

Sir Da. In troth and that's very well said, I'm glad on't with all my heart, Man, because she has five thousand pound to her Portion, and my Estate's bound to pay it; well, this is the happiest day, ha, ha, ha.

*Here take thy Bride; like Man and Wife agree,
And may she prove as true—as mine to me.*

Ha, ha, ha.

Beaug. *Courtine*, I wish thee Joy, thou art come opportunely to be a Witness of a perfect Reconcilement between me and that worthy Knight *Sir Davy Dunc*, which to preserve inviolate, you must, Sir, before we part enter into such Covenants for performance as I shall think fit.

Sir Da. No more to be said, it shall be done Sweet-heart, but don't be too hard upon me, use me gently as thou didst my Wife, gently, ha, ha, ha; a very good Jest, I faith, ha, ha, ha, or if he should be cruel to me Gentlemen, and take this advantage over a poor Cornuto, to lay me in a Prison, or throw me in a Dungeon, at least.

argoliz

*I hope amongst all you, Sirs, I stan't fail
To find one Brother-Cuckold out for Bail.*

PROLOGUE, by the Lord Falkland

Forsaken Dames with less concern reflect,
On their inconstant Heroe's cold neglects,
Than we (provok'd by this Ungrateful Age,)
Bare the hard Fate of our abandon'd Stage;

With grief we see you ravisht from our Arms,
And Curse the Feeble Vertue of our Charms:
Curse your false hearts, for none so false as they,
And curse the Eyes that stole those hearts away.
Remember Faithless Friends there was a time,
(But oh the sad remembrance of our Prime!)
When to our Arms with eager joys ye flew,
And we believ'd your treach'rous Hearts as true
As e're was Nymph of ours to one of you:
But a more pow'rful * Saint enjoys ye now;
Fraught with sweet sins and absolutions too:
To her are all your pious Vows address'd,
She's both your Loves, and your Religion's Test,
The fairest Prelate of her time, and best.
We own her more deserving far then we,
A just-excuse for your inconstancy.

} }
*Pope Joan.

Tet 'twas unkindly done to leave us so:
First to betray with Love, and then undo,
A horrid Crime ye are all additt'd to.
Too soon, alas, your Appetites are cloy'd,
And Phillis rules no more, when once enjoy'd:
But all rash Oaths of Love and constancy,
With the too short forgotten Pleasures dye,
Whilst she, poor Soul, robb'd of her dearest ease,
Still drudges on, with vain desire to please;
And restless follows you from place to place,
For Tributes due to her Autumnal Face:
Deserted thus by such ungrateful men,
How can we hope you'l e're return agen?
Here's no new Charm to tempt ye as before,
Wis now's our only Treasure left in store,
And that's a Coyn will pass with you no more:
You who such dreadful Bullies would appear,
(True Bullies! quiet when there's danger near)
Shew your great Souls in damning Poets here.

} } } }
Epilogue.

Epilogue.

With the discharge of Passions much oppress'd,
Disturb'd in Brain, and pensivè in his Breast,
Full of those thoughts which make th' unhappy sad,
And by Imagination half grown mad,

The Poet led abroad his Mourning Muse,
And let her range, to see what sport she'd chuse.
Straight like a Bird got loose, and on the Wing,
Pleas'd with her freedom, she began to Sing?
Each Note was Eccho'd all the Vale along,
And this was what she utter'd in her Song.

Wretch, write no more for an uncertain fame,
Nor call thy Muse, when thou art dull, to Blame:
Consider with thy self how th' art unfit

To make that Monster of Mankind, a Wit:
A Wit's a Toad, who swell'd with silly pride,
Full of himself, scorns all the World beside;
Civil would seem, though he good manners lacks,
Smiles on all faces, rails behind all backs:

If e're good natur'd, nought to Ridicule;

Good nature melts a Wit into a Fool:

Plac'd high, like some Jack-pudding in a Hall,

At Christmàs Revels he makes sport for all.

So much in little praises he delights,

But when he's angry draws his Pen and Writes:

A Wit to no man will his dues allow.

Wits will not part with a good word that's due:

So who e're Ventures on the Ragged Coast

Of starving Poets, certainly is lost,

They rail like Porters at the Penny-Post.

At a new Author's Play see one but sit,

Making his snarling froward face of Wit,

The Merit he allows, and Praise he grants,

Comes like a Tax from a poor Wretch that wants.

O Poets, have a care of another,

There's hardly one amongst ye true to t'other:

Like

EPILOGUE.

*Like Trincalo's and Stephano's ye Play
The lowest tricks, each other to betray,
Like Foes detract, yet flatt'ring friend-like smile,
And all is one another to beguile
Of Praise, the Monster of your Barren Isle.
Enjoy the Prostitute ye so admire,
Enjoy her to the full of your desire,
Whilst this poor Scribler wishes to retire,
Where he may ne're repeat his Follies more
But Curse the Fate that wrack't him on your Shore.
Now you, who this day as his Judges sit,
After y've heard what he has said of Wit,
Ought for your own sakes not to be severe,
But shew so much to think he meant none here.*

FINIS
